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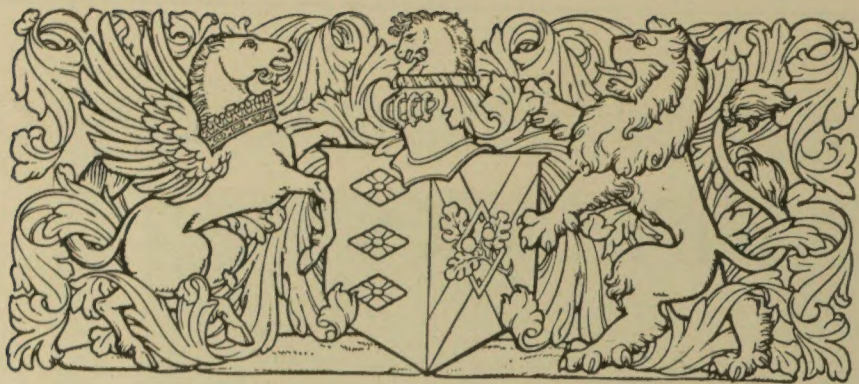
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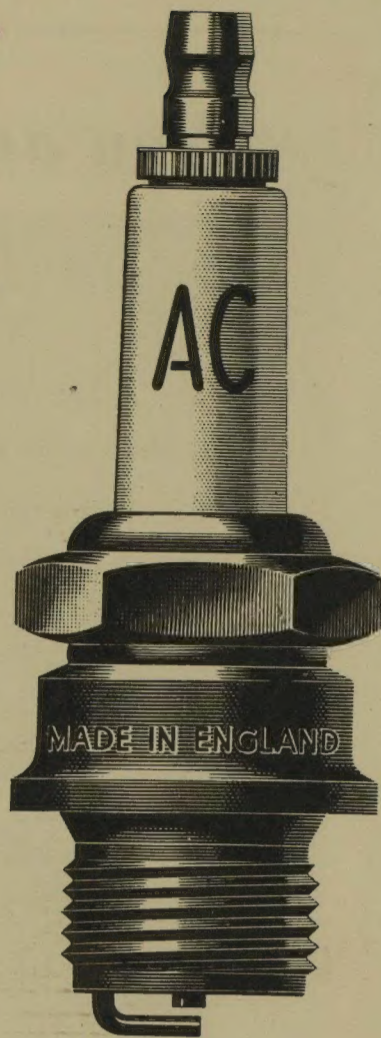
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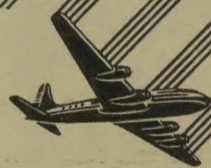


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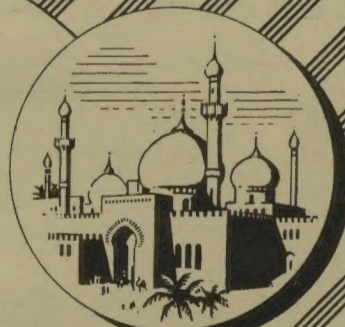
C5

**Nice going to the
NEAR EAST**



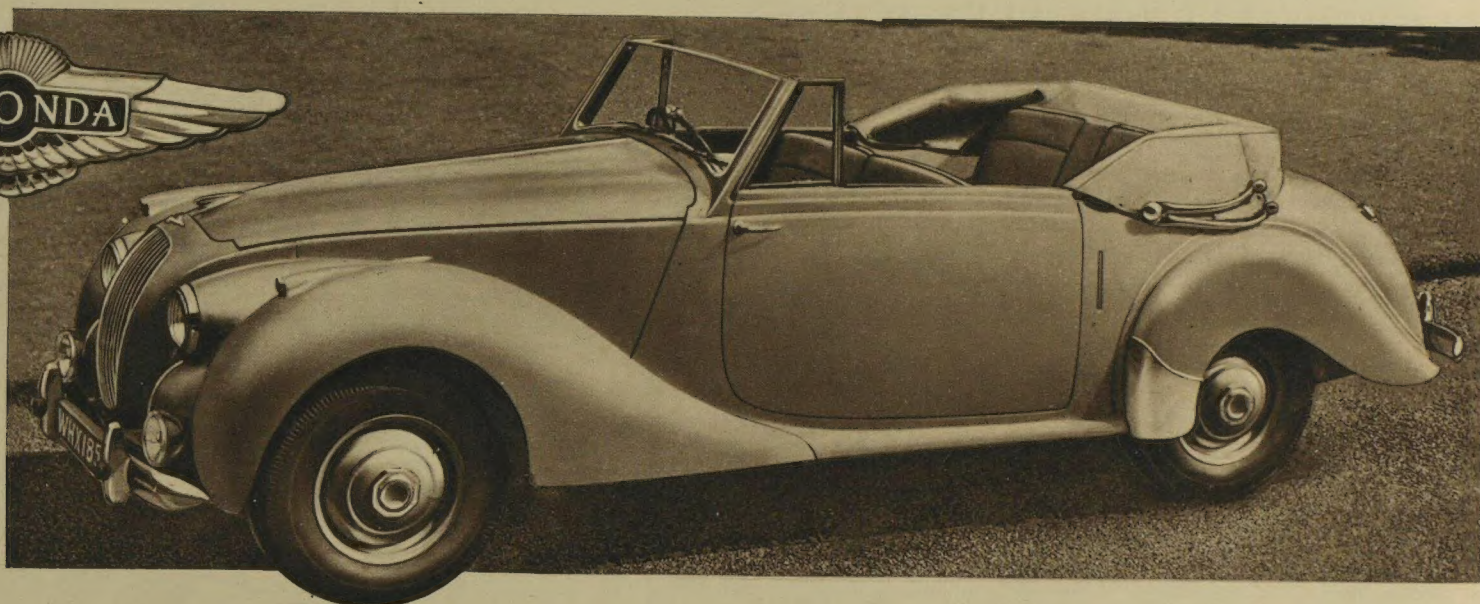
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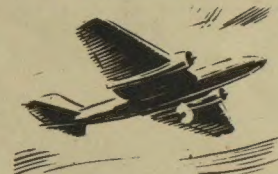
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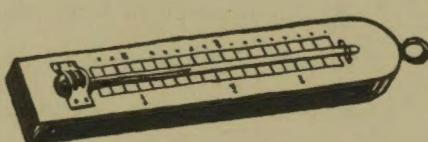
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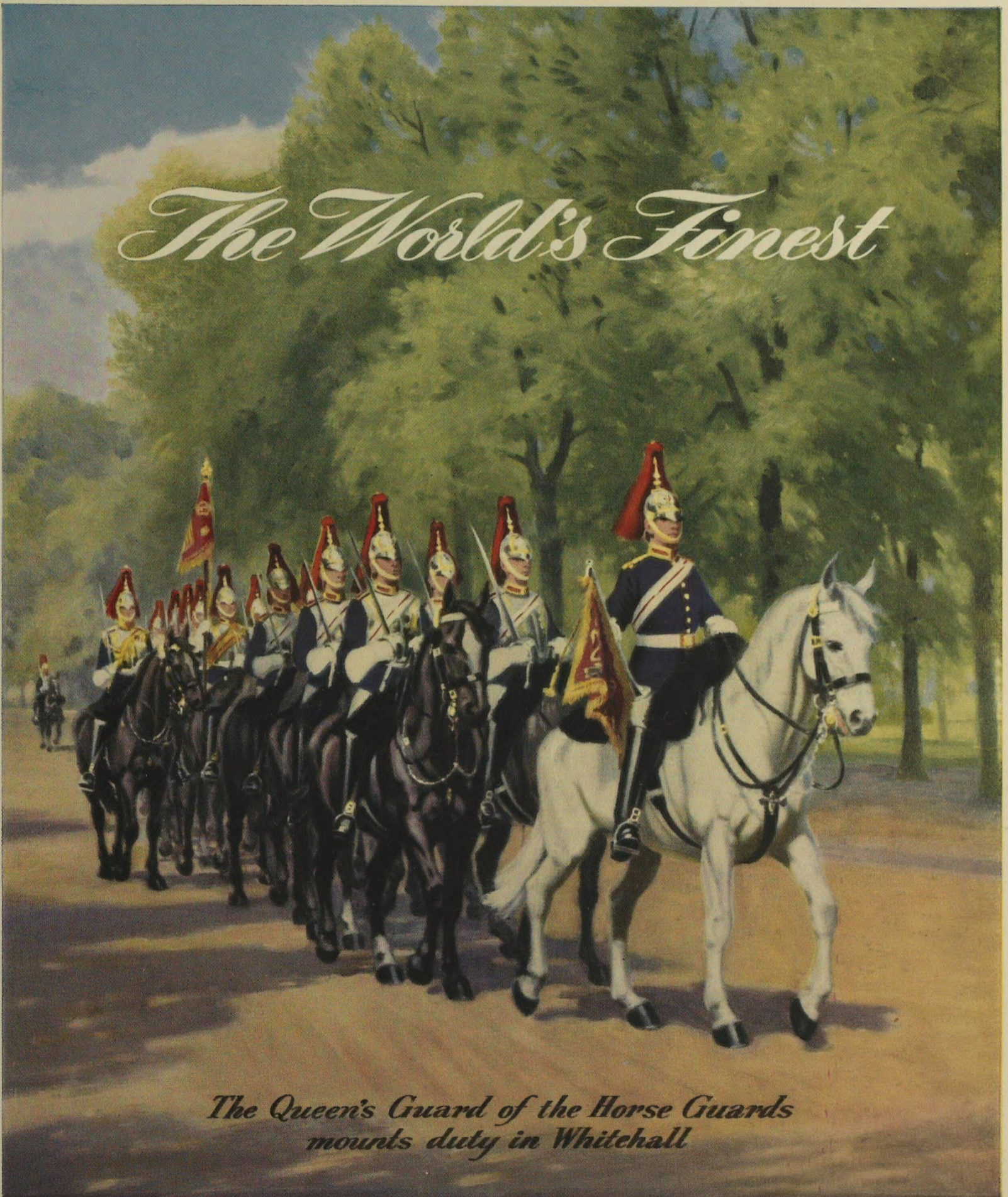
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1952.



THE QUEEN AT GOODWOOD, THE FIRST VISIT OF A REIGNING SOVEREIGN TO THE MEETING SINCE 1929, HER MAJESTY IN THE PARADE RING IN THE PADDOCK, WATCHING THE HORSES BEFORE THE MOLECOMB STAKES.

Her Majesty the Queen stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk last week at Arundel Castle for Goodwood, this being the first occasion on which a reigning sovereign has been present at the meeting since King George V. and Queen Mary went there in 1929. The apparatus for the broadcast commentary on the races—tried out for the first time this year—was extended to the Royal box for her Majesty's benefit. She paid several visits to the paddock each day, and watched

the racing closely. On July 31 she expressed a wish to see the mechanism of the starting-gate, and drove through the dense crowds, who gave her a tremendously enthusiastic greeting, to the starting-post for this purpose. On Friday, August 1, the racing was of special interest to her Majesty, as *Gay Time*, which was second in the Derby, ran in her colours to victory in the Gordon Stakes, its first race since she leased the colt from the National Stud.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the peculiarities of my profession is that it involves the constant accumulation of ever-growing hoards of paper—manuscripts, notes, newspapers, cuttings and documents of every description. Another is that, based on a multiplicity of employers, it never seems to admit of a holiday. Yet, in a sense, the former creates the latter, for every now and then the accumulation of unsorted paper becomes so formidable that I am driven to lay my work aside and spend hours and sometimes days with scissors, pencil, paste and envelopes, and amid clouds of dust, reducing the paper

chaos to order and sorting the chaotic piles into carefully arranged drawers and cupboards. Then the accumulation and disorder begin again, until the time arrives for a new spring-cleaning, perhaps forced on me by the entreaties and protests of womankind—"worse enemies," as Pepys said, "to papers than rats and mice!"

Such occasions bring to light rare and quite forgotten treasures. One, found only last night, was a copy of a famous and still extant ladies' illustrated newspaper dating from the spring of 1926. How it got among my papers, or for what purpose it was hoarded from so long ago, I cannot conceive, but there—already a historical curiosity—it was! Side by side with it was a penny daily newspaper of the summer of 1939, twenty pages of it, each of them half again the size of a modern newspaper, and printed in enormous letters obviously intended for the eyes of leisurely giants. Yet though the external form of the 1939 newspaper was startlingly unfamiliar, its contents were familiar enough. Here was the world we know only too well: of dictators and B.B.C. comedians and dirt-track racing and gangsters and snappy, misleading headlines and all the crowded vulgarities of the Age of the Common Man. The other, though divided from the 1939 newspaper by a gap of time no greater than that which separates us from the latter, seemed to belong to a different age altogether. It was difficult, indeed, to remember one had ever lived in it. It might be called the age, not of the Common Man, but of the Uncommon Lady! It was an age which began, I suppose, somewhere around the time of Jane Austen, reached its heyday in this country in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and, after staggering through the shocks and horrors of the First World War, finally expired in the middle 1920's amid the titters of High Bloomsbury and the inane and slightly alcoholic shrieks of the Bright Young People. The journal in my possession, contained in a chaste and watered blue cover, must have been one of its last manifestations. Its atmosphere is unmistakable and, for anyone who knows only the English present—the present that began about a quarter of a century ago—almost unrecognisable. A passage from a column called "A Yorkshirewoman's Letter" indicates its character almost perfectly. "The cuckoo and the watering-cart," we are told, "have decreed that summer has come, so far as Harrogate is concerned. Enjoying the brilliant sunshine last week I noticed Lady —, dressed in blue and beige, with long earrings, looking very young to be a grandmother. Lady — has just arrived for the 'cure,' and Lord and Lady — are stopping for some time in the spa, which is looking very pretty with its garden beds a mass of burnished wallflowers, stately hyacinths, and vivid tulips, as well as humbler pansies and polyanthus. Tennis is in full swing, and the new hard courts in the Bogs Fields, which have been thrown into the Valley Gardens, are very popular. The tennis tournament to be held early in May is interesting players very much." Reading this, the present recedes and the past suddenly comes back. I am living again in the social and mental atmosphere in which I passed the first half of my life. It was not a very exciting atmosphere, not a very clever one—though no sillier than that which has succeeded it—and often, indeed, generally, rather a stuffy one. But compared with ours, it was a very peaceful, assured and stable one. The only reference in the whole paper to the fact that the

country was within a week of a General Strike, which most foreign observers took to be the first act of a bloody revolution, is an oblique one, in a column called "The Lady in Society," to the fact that Mr. Baldwin, who with his wife had joined the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Oxford and other guests of like vintage at Windsor Castle, had spent some time closeted with his Majesty, "informing him to date upon the urgent and important matters that are engaging his Ministers." Incidentally, there is a photograph on the front page of the King with his son, the Duke of York, later

King George VI., starting for a morning ride in Windsor Park. That photograph of glossy, gentle calm, unshakeable, sun-drenched elegance and dignity is in itself an epitome of all we have lost. It seems not a quarter of a century, but a thousand years from the age of jitterbug and wise-crack and cafeteria into which we have so bewilderingly strayed.

Not that those who produced this sedate, as it then seemed matter-of-fact, and as it now seems escapist, journal, were unaware of the threat of change. They accepted it with the same quiet and sensible assurance that they accepted everything else about them. There is a leading article on "Modern Manners" which—though it does not refer to them by name, which would have been to reduce the journal to their own level of vulgarity—takes note of the "Bright Young People." "No one," it writes, "will deny that gentle and beautiful manners, based as all fine manners can only be based, upon fine consideration for the feelings of others, are one of the greatest adornments to human personality and one of the best fruits of civilisation. Even modern youth might well be scandalised, and probably would be, were our age-long code of manners to be swept away and society return to barbaric social conditions. Youth is impatient of much of which those of more mature years, with enlarged experience, see the true value. . . . Thirty years ago most of the present mentors of youth were young and, consequently, modern themselves. Thirty years hence modern youth, so-called to-day, will have given place to a new generation, in its turn equally modern. If the mentors are correct, and each succeeding generation is worse than its predecessor, what will the successors of the modern youth of to-day be like? What indeed! The declension is too dreadful to contemplate!" Obviously the writer did not believe it would occur. I wonder what the débutante daughters—now themselves mothers with grown-up children—of the ladies for whom he wrote would say if they were asked to comment on these reflections.

However—for there is another way of looking at it all—the windows of that stately, airless, undisturbed drawing-room have been broken with a vengeance, and a great deal of new air, though not always very fresh air, has got in. Manners have gone, and so have a great many exclusions, restrictions and rather meaningless taboos. I will not attempt to decide which is the better world, but I have no hesitation in saying which, as a matter of personal taste, I would prefer to live in. In other words, as I realised as I turned over the faded, dusty pages of my find, I am an old fogey, and naturally found its pictures of a vanished age nostalgic. I particularly liked one of a wedding group—among "brides of the week of interest"—in a Surrey garden, with bridesmaids in picture frocks "of Romney-blue taffetas finished with fichus and their wide-brimmed hats tied with long blue streamers." It was a pleasant reminder that one was still living in the same world, however changed, to recognise in the bridegroom the features of our much-respected and honoured contemporary, "The Old Stager," and in his best man, modestly peeping from behind one of the bridesmaids' wide-brimmed, ribboned hats, those of our present Sovereign's wise and statesmanlike Private Secretary. It made one realise, as, I dare say, some diehard in the year 1560 may have realised, that the continuity of English life is greater than it seems.

HISTORIC OBJECTS ENHANCED BY SKILLED CLEANING.



SHOWING THE COMBINED ARMS OF QUEEN MARY I. AND PHILIP II. OF SPAIN: A TUDOR COAT-OF-ARMS AT WINDSOR CASTLE—RECONSTRUCTED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A rare coat-of-arms has recently been brought into prominence during the cleaning of a window wall at Windsor Castle. The achievement shows the combined arms of Queen Mary I. and King Philip II. of Spain, whom she married on July 25, 1554. It was restored by Sir Jeffry Wyattville.



PAINTED WITH THE CRUCIFIXION: THE WINSHAM WOODEN TYMPANUM, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN CLEANED AND TREATED BY MR. E. CLIVE ROUSE, M.B.E., F.S.A., "WITH SPECTACULAR RESULTS."

The boarded tympanum, originally filling the space between the top of the rood-screen and the apex of the chancel arch in St. Stephen's Church, Winsham, near Chard, has just been cleaned and treated by Mr. E. Clive Rouse with what he describes as "spectacular results." Only six other mediaeval painted tympana of wood remain in England, and only one other (Ludham, Norfolk) has the Crucifixion group. Mr. Rouse writes: "It is now revealed as a rich and interesting specimen of two periods, the first painting dating probably from the mid-fifteenth century. . . . The repainting took place at a very late date, either immediately preceding the order for the obliteration of Popish and superstitious images in 1547, or even possibly during the five years of the Roman Catholic revival under Queen Mary, 1553-1558. It is by comparison coarse work, but is intensely moving by its forceful and simple directness. . . . The whole has a hard black outline. . . . The tympanum was discovered in 1876 when the church was under restoration, and was then moved from its original position and placed on the north wall of the tower, where it still remains."

THE EX-KING OF EGYPT BEGINS HIS EXILE: PRINCE FAROUK FUAD'S FIRST DAYS IN ITALY.



AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF CAPRI: PRINCE FAROUK'S PRIVATE YACHT, *FEID-EL-BIKHAR*, BROUGHT FROM EGYPT UNDER TOW, AS SHE WILL REQUIRE REPAIRS BEFORE GOING TO SEA.



THE FORMER ROYAL YACHT *MAHROUSSA* IN WHICH THE EXILED EX-KING AND HIS FAMILY LEFT EGYPT. SHE WAS DUE TO RETURN TO ALEXANDRIA AFTER REFUELLING.



THE ROYAL EXILES: PRINCE FAROUK FUAD, HOLDING THE INFANT KING AHMED FUAD II., WITH HIS WIFE PRINCESS NARRIMAN; AND (L. AND R.) TWO OF HIS DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS FERIAL AND PRINCESS FAWZIA.



THE EX-KING AND HIS FAMILY ARRIVING AT NAPLES: MEMBERS OF THE RECEPTION PARTY INCLUDED THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR TO ITALY. THE U.S.S. *ADIRONDACK* IS ON THE RIGHT.



STEPPING ON BOARD THE TOURIST LAUNCH *LINDA*, WHICH CONVEYED THE ROYAL EXILES TO CAPRI FROM NAPLES: PRINCESS NARRIMAN, FORMERLY QUEEN NARRIMAN OF EGYPT.



NOW TO BE KNOWN AS PRINCE FAROUK FUAD OF EGYPT AND PRINCESS NARRIMAN: THE EX-KING OF EGYPT HELPING HIS WIFE FROM THE CAR AT THEIR CAPRI HOTEL.

The ex-King of Egypt and his Queen, now to be known as Prince Farouk Fuad of Egypt and Princess Narriman, arrived in Naples in the Royal yacht *Mahroussa* on July 29, with their infant son, the new King of Egypt, Ahmed Fuad II., and also Prince Farouk's daughters by his first marriage. They were met on the quayside by the Egyptian Ambassador to Italy and Italian officials. Early in the afternoon they left for Capri, where they are staying in an hotel. Permission has been granted to the ex-King and his family to remain in Italy as private persons.

When the Royal party left *Mahroussa*, the Royal Standard was lowered and the flag of the Egyptian Navy run up; and the crew lined up to bid the ex-King farewell. *Mahroussa*, after refuelling, was due to return to Alexandria. Stores from her were transferred to Prince Farouk's private yacht *Feid-el-Bikhar*. In a dignified statement to the Press on July 31, the ex-King said he wished luck to those who had taken over the government of Egypt at this difficult time; and pointed out that it is he alone—not his wife and children—who has been exiled.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



SIR HARCOURT GOLD.

Died on July 27, aged seventy-six. Sir Harcourt Gold ("Tarka") stroked three Eton crews to victory in the Ladies' Plate and from 1896-99 stroked Leander in the Grand. A successful coach, he became first President, Henley Royal Regatta, in 1952.



AIR COMMODORE EELES.

Appointed Air Officer Commanding and Commandant of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, in succession to Air Vice-Marshal L. F. Sinclair. Air Commodore Eeles, who is forty-two, was until recently Assistant to the Deputy Supreme Commander (Air) at S.H.A.P.E.



MR. N. F. B. MANN.

Died in Johannesburg on July 30, aged thirty-two. This well-known South African Test cricketer was generally acknowledged to be among the world's greatest left-arm spin bowlers. He announced his retirement from cricket during the tour of England last year.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



MAJOR-GENERAL S. N. SHOOSMITH.

Appointed as a Deputy Chief of Staff at the headquarters of United Nations Commander, General Mark Clark. In making this announcement in the House of Lords on July 28, the Minister of Defence, Lord Alexander, said that General Shoosmith would be in all respects an ordinary member of General Clark's staff, with responsibility solely to him. Until recently General Shoosmith was Deputy Commander of the Army Staff of the British Social Services Mission in Washington.

MR. H. J. SCRYMGEOUR-WEDDERBURN.

The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords announced on July 30 that it is their unanimous view that Mr. Henry James Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, of Birkhill, Fifeshire, has made out his claim to the titles of Viscount Dudhope and Lord Scrymgeour in the Peerage of Scotland. He is Hereditary Standard Bearer for Scotland, and a former Unionist M.P., and has twice been Under-Secretary for Scotland. He will not sit in the Lords unless elected by his fellow Scottish peers.



THE SCHOOLBOY WHO DROVE THROUGH A MALAYAN AMBUSH: TERENCE ENDETT (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH HIS BROTHER AND PARENTS.

Terence Endett, an English schoolboy of fourteen, was driving an armoured car containing his parents and brother Brian, on the rubber estate, Nanyo, which Mr. Endett manages, when it ran into an ambush. Terence drove on under fire, and, finding the road blocked by a weapon-carrier which the bandits had burned, he changed gear and pushed it out of the road, then accelerated and drove to safety. He thus saved his parents and brother. Mr. Endett was slightly wounded in the forehead.



AT THE CRANWELL GRADUATION PARADE: LORD ALEXANDER PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO FLIGHT CADET UNDER-OFFICER R. A. STREATFEILD. The Minister of Defence, Lord Alexander, addressed 325 cadets at a graduation parade at the R.A.F. College at Cranwell on July 30. The parade marked the successful conclusion of the College training of forty-three flight cadets—thirty-four from the fifty-sixth entry of general duties cadets and nine from the seventh entry of equipment and secretarial wing cadets. Lord Alexander presented the Queen's Medal to Flight-Cadet Under-Officer D. G. Slade.



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES: EX-R.S.M. SAIDI WITH THE MAXIM GUN HE USED IN 1903.

Seventy-one-year-old ex-R.S.M. Saidi revisited his Regiment, the 2nd (Nyasaland) Battalion of The King's African Rifles, at Zomba for their celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of their formation from the old British Central Africa Rifles in 1902. The gun he used against the Mad Mullah's hordes at Cumburu in 1903, when the 2nd Nyasaland Battalion of the K.A.R. was practically wiped out, was lost, but recaptured later.



AT SANDHURST: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ARTHUR POWER PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER M. F. T. GRIFFITHS. On July 31, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, C-in-C., Portsmouth, representing the Queen, took the salute, and was the first naval officer ever to do so, at the Sovereign's Parade of senior officer cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, before their being commissioned. The Admiral presented the Queen's Medal to Junior Under-Officer P. C. Harvey, and the sword of honour to Senior Under-Officer M. F. T. Griffiths.



ARRIVING AT VICTORIA STATION: MR. ANDREI GROMYKO, THE NEW SOVIET AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Gromyko, the new Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, arrived in London on July 28. He was met by representatives of the Queen and the Foreign Office, and by members of the staffs of the Russian and Eastern European Embassies in London.



ARRIVING AT THE MINISTRY OF INTERIOR, CAIRO, UNDER GUARD ON JULY 27: MAJOR-GENERAL MOHAMED IMAM IBRAHIM, FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE POLITICAL BUREAU IN THE MINISTRY.

On July 25 the arrest of a number of officers in the Security Service and Police was announced to the Egyptians by a broadcast from the General H.Q. of the Armed Forces. Major-General Mohamed Imam Ibrahim was one of these. He was formerly Director of the Political Bureau in the Ministry of the Interior. On the same day six members of the ex-King's household resigned, and on July 27 members of the group, known as the "Palace clique," which included M. Antonio Pulli, Special Officer to the Royal Household, were detained, some in their own homes.



LEAVING THE ARMY GENERAL H.Q., CAIRO, AFTER QUESTIONING: M. ANTONIO PULLI, SPECIAL OFFICER TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE EX-KING OF EGYPT.

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BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE LIMELIGHT AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



THE WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SPRINGBOARD DIVING WITH A SCORE OF 147'30 POINTS: MISS P. MCCORMICK SEEN IN ACTION DURING THE FINAL AT THE OLYMPIC POOL. BRITISH FINALISTS WERE PLACED FIFTH AND EIGHTH.



A FAMILY AFFAIR: E. ZATPEK (CZECHOSLOVAKIA), WHO WON THE 5000 METRES, 10,000 METRES AND THE MARATHON, WITH HIS WIFE, WHO WON THE WOMEN'S JAVELIN EVENT, HOLDING THEIR GOLD MEDALS.



CONGRATULATED IN THE WATER BY HIS EXCITED FATHER, WHO JUMPED IN FULLY DRESSED: J. BOITEUX (FRANCE), AFTER WINNING THE 400-METRES FREE-STYLE IN 4 MINS. 30'7 SECS.



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT HELSINKI: PRINCESS BEATRIX CLENCHES HER HANDS IN EXCITEMENT DURING THE NETHERLANDS-HUNGARY WATER-POLO MATCH. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT AND PRINCE BERNHARD IS NEXT TO HIS DAUGHTER.



GOAL! PRINCESS BEATRIX RAISES HER ARMS AND CHEERS WHEN THE NETHERLANDS SCORE AGAINST HUNGARY IN THE WATER-POLO EVENT. THE MATCH WAS DRAWN WITH FOUR GOALS EACH.



BRITAIN'S ONLY VICTORY IN THE XVTH OLYMPIC GAMES AT HELSINKI: THE WINNERS IN THE TEAM SECTION OF THE PRIX DES NATIONS: (FROM L. TO R.) COLONEL H. M. LLEWELLYN, WITH *FOXHUNTER*; MR. W. WHITE, WITH *NISSEFELLA*; AND LT.-COLONEL D. N. STEWART, WITH *AHERLOW* ON THEIR RETURN.

In our issue of August 2 we illustrated some of the main events of the first week of the Olympic Games at Helsinki and on this page we show some of the highlights of the second week. Miss Pat McCormick (U.S.A.) won the women's springboard diving on July 30, the British finalists, Miss Welsh and Miss Long, being fifth and eighth respectively. E. Zatopek and his wife won four gold medals between them—he won the 5000 metres, 10,000 metres and the Marathon, while his wife won the women's javelin event, setting up a new Olympic record of 165 ft. 7 ins.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE COMMONWEALTH ATHLETES: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS COLLECTING HIS FOOD AND CUTLERY AT THE CAFETERIA IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE.

An amusing incident occurred on July 30 after J. Boiteux (France) had won the final of the 400-metres free-style swimming event in 4 mins. 30'7 secs., a new Olympic record. His father, overcome by the success of his son, jumped fully dressed into the pool and embraced him. Much amusement was also caused by Princess Beatrix's unrestrained partisanship during the Netherlands-Hungary water-polo match, which was drawn with four goals each. In the Royal box with her were Prince Bernhard, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Kent.

A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON RECENT EVENTS: NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



(ABOVE.)
A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE MODERN USE OF TIMBER: ONE OF THE WOODEN LAMP-STANDARDS (IROKO) RECENTLY ERECTED ON THE ESPLANADE AT SIDMOUTH.

Lamp-standards made of timber (Iroko) have recently been erected by the Sidmouth U.D.C. on their esplanade. The standards, which were designed by their surveyors in collaboration with the Timber Development Association, are 21 ft. high, tapering from 9 in. by 9 in. to 6 in. by 6 in., and are free from defects.



LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON HER WAY TO SANDRINGHAM FOR A HOLIDAY: H.M. QUEEN MARY.

Queen Mary arrived at Sandringham on July 31, having travelled by train from London to Wolferton, her first major journey for several months. Her Majesty travelled in a special coach attached to the London-Hunstanton train and then motored the 2½ miles to Sandringham House where her arrival at the Norwich Gate entrance to Sandringham House was watched by several hundred people.



ACQUIRED BY THE TATE GALLERY FOR £9076: A CAST OF DEGAS' STATUETTE "THE LITTLE DANCER, AGED FOURTEEN."

With the aid of a grant of £6000 from the National Art-Collections Fund, the Tate Gallery has acquired, for £9076, a cast of the largest and most important sculpture by Degas: "The Little Dancer, Aged Fourteen," standing 39 ins. high. It is the only cast of this work in a public collection in Great Britain.

(RIGHT.)
WAR BY NIGHT: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SKY LIT UP DURING THE BATTLE FOR THE HILL KNOWN AS "OLD BALDY," WEST OF CHORWON, KOREA.

At the end of July, "Old Baldy," an advanced hill position 5 miles north-west of Chorwon, on the west-central Korean front, was the scene of bitter and prolonged fighting during which the crest of the hill, which overlooks both the Communist and Allied lines, changed hands several times. Our photograph shows the night sky at the height of the battle on July 22 lit up by machine-gun tracers and flashes of artillery, rockets and mortars.



ABOUT TO LAND ON THE SOUTH BANK SITE DURING A SERIES OF TESTS: A HELICOPTER CARRYING LORD DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE TO A DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

The use of part of the South Bank Festival site as a helicopter station has been tested recently. If the experiments prove a success the site may be used for an organised helicopter service. On July 31 Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, chairman of B.E.A.C., was the first peer to fly by helicopter from his office to attend a House of Lords debate. He made the journey from Northolt to the South Bank in 9 minutes.



ABOUT TO MAKE THE 1000TH ACCIDENT-FREE LANDING ON OCEAN: COMMISSIONED PILOT R. M. BRAND, R.N., WHO EQUALLED A NAVAL AVIATION RECORD.

A naval aviation record was recently equalled when Commissioned Pilot R. M. Brand made the 1000th consecutive accident-free landing on the light fleet carrier *Ocean* off North Korea. On July 28 Communist jet MIGs attacked aircraft from the carrier *Ocean* for the first time.

ARGENTINA MOURNS SENORA EVA PERON: THE LYING-IN-STATE IN BUENOS AIRES.



SHELTERING FROM THE RAIN UNDER NEWSPAPERS: A SECTION OF THE LONG QUEUE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO FILE PAST THE BODY OF SENORA EVA PERON IN BUENOS AIRES.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF SENORA PERON DRAPED IN BLACK IN THE BACKGROUND: A VIEW OF MAY AVENUE, IN BUENOS AIRES, CROWDED WITH PEOPLE.



OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND WELFARE WHERE SENORA EVA PERON WAS LYING-IN-STATE: A SECTION OF THE VAST CROWD OF MOURNERS.



THE CAPITAL OF ARGENTINA IN MOURNING: A VIEW OF MAY SQUARE AS STREET LAMPS WERE DRAPED IN BLACK AND THOUSANDS GATHERED TO PAY HOMAGE.



SHOWING A GREAT MASS OF FLORAL TRIBUTES OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND WELFARE: THE SCENE AS THOUSANDS WAITED TO PAY HOMAGE AT THE LYING-IN-STATE.



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF SENORA EVA PERON: A VIEW IN THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND WELFARE, SHOWING THE MOURNING PUBLIC GATHERED ROUND THE COFFIN.

With the death of Senora Eva Peron on July 26 the capital of Argentina, Buenos Aires, was plunged into mourning and became the centre of a country-wide pilgrimage to the Ministry of Labour and Welfare, where the body of Senora Peron was taken for the lying-in-state. So great was the crowd which assembled at the Ministry that several of the mourners were trampled to death and hundreds were injured, but eventually order was restored and the police marshalled the crowd into orderly

queues, stretching over several miles. It was originally arranged that the body should lie in state for two days, but it was later announced that the period would be extended "to one month or two, if necessary." Later the coffin will be taken to the building of the General Confederation of Labour, where it will lie in an open tomb until a mausoleum has been built in the heart of Buenos Aires. Congress has ordained that July 26 shall in future be a day of national mourning.

FROM THE KAISER'S COURT TO NUREMBERG.

"FRANZ VON PAPEN—MEMOIRS"; TRANSLATED By BRIAN CONNELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I THINK that it was Talleyrand, in old age, who, when asked what had happened to him during the Revolutionary Period in France, replied: "J'ai vécu." His Vicar of Bray capacity for adjusting himself to circumstances is fully shared by Herr Papen. He served the Kaiser, he served the Weimar Republic, he served Hitler, he was in the dock with that fantastic assortment of murderous blackguards and corks on the raging seas, at Nuremberg; and, when most of them were sent to the gallows he was acquitted. No sooner was he let out than he was arrested, brought before a "de-Nazification Court" and given a long sentence, and a colossal fine and deprived of his property. But, in his seventies now, he is out again and has written such an excellent book, that it ought to put him on his feet and bring him back (though he hasn't been allowed there yet) to the ancestral home in the Rhineland.

He is little known, personally, in England. When he came here on leave as a young cavalry officer he hunted with the Queen's, the Quorn, the Belvoir, the Pytcheley and Mr. Fernie's, and "had many dinners in London at the Junior United Services Club and the Cavalry Club." In 1913 he paid his last visit here, just before he left Germany for Washington, where he had a job in the Embassy. "This time I had been asked by the Kaiser's Master of the Horse, Count Westphalen, to accompany him in search of some stud horses. We were invited to ride with Lord Annaly's pack, and I remember being impressed by a wonderful grey. When we asked its owner whether the horse could be bought for the Kaiser, his answer was: 'Not even for the King of England, Sir!'" That takes us back to a vanished age, when the Kaiser's yacht, *Meteor*, used to race at Cowes. Unfortunately, the marine-minded Kaiser had seen his grandmother's fleet at Portland and thought he would like to have one like that: then the red light began to show.

Von Papen at that time was unknown to fame, either here or abroad: there may be aged members of the Service Clubs who remember him as a rather serious, in some ways rather innocent, boyish-looking German interested in horses. But, young as he was, he became extremely well known not long after the first Great War broke out—he still doesn't realise, by the way, the enormous difference that was made here, in the Government and amongst the population, by the invasion of Belgium and the tearing-up of the "scrap of paper," which was a treaty, with the disastrous result that nobody since then has regarded any treaty as likely to bind the parties to it, when they happen to find it inconvenient. For, while the United States was still neutral, he was suspected of wholesale sabotage in American factories and ships. A letter from him to his wife was captured. "In it I made use of a slightly unparliamentary expression referring to these 'idiotic Yankees,' and the phrase was given great prominence in the Press without indicating the context in which it had been written." In any context the phrase can hardly have been palatable to the Government to which he was accredited, and, in the end (still believing himself quite innocent of any flagitious action), he was declared *persona non grata*, and returned to Germany and soldiering. Now and then, after the war, his name popped up in the papers and people here said: "Good heavens, is that man still at work?" Just before Hitler was elected he was Chancellor; after Hitler's election he was Vice-Chancellor, and narrowly escaped being killed in the "blood-bath" of 1934. Later he became Ambassador at Vienna and (during the late war) at Ankara, where he conducted "Operation Cicero": he loomed larger than ever. Then came the end of the war which he had for long foreseen,

and which, had his advice been taken, might have had a better end. But "Hitler merely laughed at my suggestion that the war should be brought to an end. It seemed that our cities were to be reduced night after night to rubble and ashes, and thousands of innocent civilians condemned to a horrible death, merely because of the nihilism of this one man."



FRANZ VON PAPEN, WHOSE MEMOIRS ARE REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

In the "Envoi" to his Memoirs, Franz von Papen says: "The short span of one human life has seldom covered such an epoch-making series of events as those I have been called upon to witness." As a prisoner in post-war labour camps—convicted by his own countrymen, though cleared of war-guilt by the Nuremberg Tribunal—he was a victim of the chaos following defeat. He spent forty years at the centre of events and analyses the decay of the Weimar Republic and the events which culminated in his Reich Chancellorship. He describes his later career after Hitler came into power and finally his experiences at the Nuremberg trial.

The book is a short history of modern Germany and the modern world. It gives also a life-size picture of a typical "decent German." Von Papen makes no attempt to

stood for the old, traditional Germany, that Hitler would some time die, and that it was better to try to be a steadying influence inside the organisation (he never joined the party) than an ineffectual opponent outside. And his explanation of Hitler lies in the reparation clauses of the Versailles Treaty and the crash of the mark.

He puts up a very plausible, and occasionally convincing, case for himself and for some of the German leaders who, after 1918, with little understanding from the outside world, tried to put Germany on her feet again. He is extremely eloquent on the subject of Germany as a bulwark against Asiatic barbarism encroaching from the East. But he certainly has the common German defect, common even amongst "decent Germans," of overlooking the case for the other side. The Kaiser's Germany was aware of the Russian menace: well enough, but why alienate England with a big unnecessary Navy and drive her into war with an invasion of Belgium? "Thousands of innocent civilians condemned to a horrible death"—in Berlin. But who first dropped bombs on civil populations? Who first used poison-gas? Who first went in for unrestricted sinking of ships by submarines, giving the crews and passengers no chance of escape? The Russians may be barbarians, but they could hardly have had a worse example set them than by von Papen's "God-fearing" Germans; and, had it not been for the abandonment by them of all the accepted restraints on methods of waging war, the world would not have been reduced to its present level of unimaginative callousness, and I cannot conceive that the Americans would have used the atom-bomb, a weapon of "schrecklichkeit" which surpasses anything the Germans ever used.

Blinkered though he is in some ways, it is impossible to finish this book without a certain respect, and even liking, for Herr von Papen. He is certainly brave, he has always meant well, and, even in the most uncongenial surroundings, he has stuck to his standards. In places, he quite reasonably puts what, I think, are unanswerable cases against ourselves and our Allies: notably about the Nuremberg trials, with Russians on the bench and charges against the Russians not mentionable. In an "Envoi" he surveys the present chaotic political scene, makes various suggestions for the restoration of Europe, says as to Germany "we must forego [this is a prime

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW: FRANZ VON PAPEN (LEFT) WITH GOEBBELS.



FRANZ VON PAPEN IN ENGLAND IN 1903, WHEN HE CAME FOR A VISIT TO EXPERIENCE "SOMETHING OF HUNTING IN THE SHIRES."



VON PAPEN HAVING A LAST TALK WITH KING BORIS OF BULGARIA, WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN SOFIA, ON AUGUST 28, 1943, IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES, A WEEK AFTER HE HAD PAID A VISIT TO HITLER. VON PAPEN SAYS: "FROM THE EVIDENCE I HAVE SEEN I AM CONVINCED THAT THIS WAS ONE CRIME OF WHICH HITLER WAS NOT GUILTY."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Franz von Papen—Memoirs"; by courtesy of the publishers, André Deutsch.

defend the Nazis or to exculpate them from the entire responsibility for the war. They stood for everything he detested and were the enemies of everything in which he believed. He was a Christian, a monarchist, a landed gentleman and a respecter of oaths: the Nazis, Goebbels outstanding amongst them, were as fanatically "Left" as any Communist in Russia or Socialist in Wales. His defence for even speaking to them, let alone serving them, is that he

of a chosen people] all ideas of exaggerated pride and seek to appreciate the part that other nations have played in our common Western heritage." And he ends on a note to which, alas, there seems no sign of a general response. "After a life full of incident, great hopes and even greater disappointments, I have become convinced of the impossibility of saving the Western world by purely rationalistic and materialistic methods. It is the crisis in our spiritual existence which has brought us to the brink of disaster. Unless I have misread the signs, the catastrophe that has overcome Germany has uncovered strong forces which had become submerged during the decades of materialistic thinking. There is now a return to belief in the Power that stands above our terrestrial affairs and first gave our life its true meaning. The deification of matter, of the machine, of the masses and of human authority is slowly making way for the old spiritual conceptions: that God gave man a mind with which to organise the affairs of the world according to His precepts. The enslavement of mind by matter must be eradicated, and the value of the individual personality restored. We cannot halt the discoveries of science, but we can bring them once again under the authority of the mind. Only then will it be possible to combat the totalitarian states, which have become the slaves of science and materialism."

If only one could believe that existing totalitarian states had within their fabric eminent servants who were merely waiting for the moment of liberation!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 236 of this issue.

* "Franz von Papen—Memoirs" Translated by Brian Connell. Illustrated. (André Deutsch; 25s.)



WELL KNOWN TO THE BRITISH NAVY: THE BAY OF KOTOR, THE BEAUTIFUL INLAND FJORD ON THE DALMATIAN COAST—
ONE OF THE FINEST VIEWS IN EUROPE SEEN FROM THE LOVCEN SERPENTINE, WHICH CLIMBS THE GREAT MASSIF OF MONTENEGRO.

The Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia is the only Communist country which tourists are encouraged to visit and where they are allowed to travel freely. Apart from its unique Roman and mediæval cities, the friendliness of its people, and the attractions of its scenery and climate, Dalmatia is easily accessible from Great Britain. In sending us the photograph reproduced on this page, and those on the following pages, our correspondent, Mrs. Barbara Gibbens, writes:

"Since travelling in Yugoslavia is now unrestricted, it is to be hoped that more English people will visit this lovely land. Language presents no problem, for English is spoken in all the leading hotels, while German and Italian are useful in Slovenia and the Dalmatian islands. The hotels are good and reasonably priced, food and drink excellent, the bathing superb, and one can be sure of fine weather all the summer. Above all, the people are friendly and courteous."

Photograph by Barbara Gibbens.

IN THE ONLY COMMUNIST COUNTRY WHERE TOURISTS
ARE WELCOME: COASTAL SCENES IN YUGOSLAVIA.



ONCE COLONISED BY GREEKS AND ROMANS: CAVTAT (THE SLAVONIC VERSION OF CIVITAS),
A CHARMING LITTLE DALMATIAN TOWN NOW DEVOTED TO FISHING AND SAILING.



A PICTURESQUE FISHING VILLAGE OFF THE COAST OF MONTENEGRO: SVETI STEPHAN,
AN ANCIENT PIRATE STRONGHOLD.



A FEW MILES NORTH OF DUBROVNIK: A QUIET BAY NEAR OMBLA. IN THE VALLEYS
NEAR THE COAST THE VEGETATION IS LUXURIANT.



THE SEA WALLS OF THE FAMOUS MEDIEVAL CITY OF DUBROVNIK. THE CITY STILL GLOWS
WITH BEAUTY, QUITE UNTOUCHED BY THE RAVAGES OF WAR.

Yugoslavia—poised between the influences of East and West—offers a host of attractions to the tourist. Our correspondent, Mrs. Barbara Gibbens, describes a holiday there, during which she took the excellent photographs which are reproduced in this issue. She writes: "We took a car, driving over the Loibl Pass from Carinthia into Slovenia, thence down the whole length of the Dalmatian coast to Kotor, up over the Lovcen Serpentine to Cetinje, and down to Budva, on the coast of Montenegro. After a brief rest here we drove over the Cakor Pass

to Pec and Skoplje, in Macedonia, thence *via* the Vardar valley to Salonika; and so to Athens, from where we shipped the car to Genoa. But motoring in Yugoslavia is not to be undertaken lightly. The roads are atrocious—there is no other word for it—and the dust unspeakable, though more can be learnt by travelling the roads than by sailing down the coast, and life is far more adventurous. Dalmatia, with its chief glories—Dubrovnik, Trogir, Split, Sibenik and the islands—is a land full of history. Dominated in turn by Greece, Rome, Byzantium, the

Photographs by Barbara Gibbens.

[Continued opposite.

IN A LAND AT THE CROSS-ROADS BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: DALMATIA AND THE LAKE OF BLED.



FAMOUS IN SUMMER FOR ITS BATHING AND IN WINTER FOR ITS SKATING: THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF BLED, IN THE SLOVENIAN ALPS.



DOMINATED BY OLD SPANISH AND FRENCH FORTS: THE HARBOUR OF HVAR, ONE OF THE LOVELY ISLANDS OFF THE DALMATIAN COAST.



A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THE VENETIAN GOTHIC STYLE: THE WORLD-FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF SIBENIK, DALMATIA, BEGUN IN 1443 AND FINISHED IN 1556.

Continued.

old mediæval Serbian Empire, the Austro-Hungarian kingdom and Venice, it stood at the cross-roads between Eastern and Western civilisations. From Constantinople to Dubrovnik ran the great overland trade route, carrying the silks and satins and brocades of the East to the West. From Dubrovnik, the rival of Venice, sailed the argosies, bearing the riches of Byzantium to all parts of the Mediterranean. From these riches sprang the superb architecture, the perfect little mediæval cities to be found scattered like jewels up and down this



PORTAL TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. LAWRENCE, TROGIR, BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. TROGIR IS A PERFECT MEDIÆVAL VENETIAN CITY IN MINIATURE.

lovely coast. But since riches attract covetous eyes, Dalmatia's past has been violent and turbulent. Apart from the interest of its history and architecture, Dalmatia is a lovely country. Figs and vines and olives cluster along the lower slopes of the great limestone ranges, while palms and aloes and tropical plants flourish everywhere. The bathing is superb, for the sea is gloriously warm, the water crystal clear, a deep azure blue reflecting the wonderful skies of the Adriatic. Everywhere is peace and quiet and contentment."

Photographs by Barbara Gibbens.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TRAINING OF COMMANDOS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

LEAVING myself time enough only for final arrangements for a long visit to the United States, I spent my last week in this country in Devonshire. It was not a holiday, though the weather and the kindness and hospitality of the Royal Marines made it something near one. My visit was to the Commando School, Royal Marines, at Bickleigh, near Plymouth. In the last war only a proportion of the Commandos were formed from the Royal Marines; nowadays the corps has taken them over altogether and in doing so absorbed the greater proportion of its slender resources in man-power. This has become possible because navies have become small, so that the Marine contingents which go to sea are very much less numerous than was formerly the case. The first function of the Royal Marines is now to provide the Commando Brigade, another being that of finding the crews of landing-craft. Times change and we change with them, but the rôle of the Royal Marines has always been amphibious and it is more so than ever to-day. The Marine is still "a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an' sailor too."

The Commando School plays an important part in the training of the Royal Marines of to-day. In the first place, it takes in all regular officers and other ranks, whatever their immediate future. Then, all the National Service entry destined for Commandos passes through, though not the proportion which is to go to sea service or landing-craft. Then, the school provides special courses, in part done at other places, for the parachutist, the expert in cliff assault, the sniper, the night guerrilla, the assault engineer, and in the use of heavy weapons and of landing-craft. Then, leaving detail out of account, the Commandos of the R.M.F.V.R. come in succession for their annual fortnight's training, though I gather that this is not a rigid rule and that they might conceivably undergo this training elsewhere. A number of skilled specialist instructors are therefore to be found on the staff of the school; but in the Royal Marines, although the training as a whole is highly specialised, there is less individual specialisation and a more definite attempt to turn out all-round men than is usual in the fighting forces.

The first job of a Commando is to get troops ashore on a hostile coast. It may have a rôle in an invasion and be required after landing to go on fighting by the side of the Army. It may be called upon for a raid. In either case it will normally undertake an independent landing. Thus the background of the training has to do with methods of getting ashore. This calls for experience in the types of craft used for such enterprises—various landing-craft and the little dories similar to those immortalised by Kipling in "Captains Courageous," except that they are propelled by an engine instead of by sail. It calls for well-controlled and rapid disembarkation on beaches or at the foot of cliffs. It calls for cliff-climbing with ropes and a number of first-class climbers who can ascend without their aid and put them in position for the rest to follow. It calls for knowledge of how to make a quick and orderly withdrawal when a task has been accomplished. It calls for a great deal of training approaching the acrobatic, such as crossing rivers and ravines by ropes and wires. These aspects of training are therefore prominent. They cannot, however, be carried out effectively unless the individual is a good soldier to begin with, unless cohesion has been established in the unit, unless a high standard of skill has been absorbed by the specialists, and unless the unit has learnt to work with the Royal Navy.

In addition, therefore, to training in amphibious warfare and in various activities which play a part in it, great attention is paid to physical fitness, and tests, in some cases peculiar to Commando training, are imposed. The severity of this schooling has become legendary, but it is in fact exaggerated by common report. The theory on which it is based is that the troops of the Royal Marine Commandos must be able to fend for themselves to a greater extent than others, must be able to dispense with facilities with which others are likely to be provided, and must be prepared to undergo exceptional strain and fatigue for brief periods without losing their military value. Commando training, therefore, has to be strenuous if it is to be useful, but it is not beyond the capacity of fit young men. During my visit the very hot weather gave a touch of holiday-camp atmosphere for the on-looker, but the man in training had another tale to tell. Some men were genuinely distressed, for example, after a "speed march," who would not have been if the temperature had been ten degrees lower and the sun not always a ball of burning brass. There were a few accidents to knees and ankles also, but not nearly as many as at any winter sports centre.

The most important single event during my stay at the school was an amphibious raid exercise carried

out by the Volunteer Reserve Commando then present. 47 Commando is made up of contingents from Merseyside, Glasgow, and Bristol. Its composition is about 40 per cent. volunteers, 40 per cent. special reservists, and 20 per cent. continuous-service headquarters and staff. Mobilised for war, this Commando and its like



"THE BACKGROUND OF THE TRAINING HAS TO DO WITH METHODS OF GETTING ASHORE. . . . IT CALLS FOR CLIFF-CLIMBING WITH ROPES AND A NUMBER OF FIRST-CLASS CLIMBERS WHO CAN ASCEND WITHOUT THEIR AID AND PUT THEM IN POSITION FOR THE REST TO FOLLOW": A CLIFF LEADER FROM THE COMMANDO SCHOOL, ROYAL MARINES, SCALING A CLIFF—AN INCIDENT REMINISCENT OF THE COMMANDO DISPLAY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT THIS YEAR.



AT AN UNDERWATER RENDEZVOUS: A COMMANDO "FROGMAN" RESTING ON THE SEA-BED DURING AN UNDERWATER EXERCISE AT THE COMMANDO SCHOOL, ROYAL MARINES, AT BICKLEIGH, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

would provide a force as highly trained as it is possible to make such a unit in peace to expand the regular forces of the Commando Brigade, now in the Mediterranean. The object of the raid was to seize and put out of action Watch House and Bovisand Batteries, protecting the harbour. The exercise, attended by a number of senior officers, including the Commandant General, Royal Marines, had been laid on thoroughly and without stinting—naval air support, plenty of smoke, explosions, etc.

A little fleet of landing-craft and dories carried the troops to a point at which they could land, scale the steep cliffs with the aid of ropes, and begin their advance out of view of the enemy defending the

batteries. In war such a landing would hardly have been risked in daylight, but here the object of the exercise was training rather than the strictest realism. There were, however, realistic details. One which, realistic or not, interested and amused the troops was the sight of their commanding officer being whisked out of his landing-craft and carried up to the top of the cliff in a helicopter. It was a bold undertaking to set troops, of whom a large proportion had reached only a comparatively elementary stage of field-craft, so difficult a task. I believe it gave them more satisfaction than they would have derived from an easier and simpler scheme.

The exercise was carried through at a fair pace, which avoided the familiar dreary pauses. It was done without rehearsal, which again would not have been the case in war, and the ground was unknown to the rank and file, though they had practised cliff-climbing at the point where they ascended. The whole thing made an exciting spectacle. To an unaccustomed observer it seemed remarkable that, with short training and little in the way of equipment but ropes, such a force could be moved from its craft up a precipitous cliff-face so quickly and with so little fuss. The success here lies not so much in avoidance of mistakes as in the creation of reserve units which can make feasible an operation that the most highly trained troops, lacking the special technique, would take at least twice as long to accomplish.

On the last evening there was a little symbolical ceremony. The green beret is the mark of the Commandos and volunteers are not allowed to acquire it lightly. In order to earn it, each officer and man must have a satisfactory record of attendance throughout the year and must have reached the requisite standard with the rifle, the grenade, the Sten gun, in field-craft, map-reading, tactics, rope-work, and amphibious training. He must also have been recommended by his commanding officer. The distribution of the berets was a ceremonial parade, those awaiting the award falling in apart and without arms. The commandant of the school made the presentations, each man coming up to a table on the parade ground to receive his beret. Because this is not easily won, it is considered well worth winning. On the same parade the Glasgow and Greenock troop was, for the second year, handed the shield awarded for a long and gruelling competition carried out by small teams. Not long afterwards the first truck rolled through the gates with men who were to make the long and somewhat uncomfortable journey to Glasgow. The school itself in great part went on leave that night or next morning.

I have written as much about 47 Commando as about the Commando School. The latter is, of course, a more important institution than any single Volunteer Reserve Commando, but its functions are easier to set down. The conception behind the Commando is remarkable because it seeks to provide a largely volunteer force as reserve to a service which requires a great deal of training and a high standard of physical fitness. It seems to me that the experiment has so far been successful and that the Commando could be made ready for active service in a fairly short time. I make the qualification "so far" because we cannot tell whether the volunteers will continue to come forward. All that can be said on that score is that, if any unit attracts volunteers, it ought to be this, because the Royal Marines are, in general, a very popular service. Youths who have not done their National Service are attracted to these reserve units because that is the only way in which they can make sure of getting into the Royal Marines.

The special reservist comes into another category. He does not undergo the evening or week-end training of the volunteer, but on the other hand, he may in a few instances have served in the Commando Brigade only a short time ago. In any case, he comes with experience and training of some kind. I could not distinguish between one and the other, except on parade, where the special reservist had more snap. The staffs of the school and of the Commando itself declare that they are equally keen and interested

in their work. All three elements deserve praise for the way in which they blend together, and the Commando owes a debt to the school for the service and help it receives during its fortnight's residence. I for my part feel exceptionally privileged in having been invited for such a long visit. I take away with me happy memories of a friendly officers' mess and of individual hospitality. Critical eyes may scan this article, and I can hardly hope that in all the detail I have not made some small slip. Perhaps, however, I may be forgiven on the plea that I am paying the best compliment in my power in trying to tell as much of the story as I can instead of taking refuge in safe generalities.

"SAFETY FIRST" IN THE SWISS ALPS: THE EXAMINATION OF GUIDES' EQUIPMENT.



INSPECTING THE ROPE: EVERY YARD IS CAREFULLY EXAMINED AND IF FOUND RELIABLE A SEAL IS ATTACHED AS SEEN IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH.



ANNUAL INSPECTION DAY IN ZERMATT: THE GUIDES SHOWING THEIR EQUIPMENT TO A JURY, WHO ARE SEATED AT A TABLE IN THE OPEN. CHILDREN VIEW THE PROCEEDINGS WITH INTEREST.

TESTING CLIMBING EQUIPMENT IN A SWISS CANTON: VIEWS OF THE INSPECTION AT ZERMATT.



AFTER THE INSPECTION: THE PRESIDENT OF THE JURY STAMPING A GUIDE-BOOK. THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT, DR. TAUGWALDER, IS A MOUNTAIN GUIDE AND A LAWYER.



THE DOCUMENTS OF A GUIDE: HIS BADGE (LEFT) AND GUIDE-BOOK. ON THE RIGHT IS AN OLD BADGE AND THE LAW GOVERNING THE WORK OF THE GUIDES.

EVERY year before the opening of the new season the mountain guides in the Swiss Canton of Wallis (Valais) are officially requested to report for an annual inspection. On the chosen day the men assemble in one of the little villages, perhaps Zermatt, Champéry, Orisères or Salvan—all mountain villages connected with memories of Alpinistic feats. It is not easy in the Canton of Wallis to become a mountain guide. First a man must spend three years of apprenticeship as a porter

[Continued below.]



A TYPICAL ZERMATT GUIDE: HERMANN SCHALLER, AGED FIFTY-TWO, WHO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR THE FASTEST ASCENT AND DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.



INSPECTING COMPASS AND ALTITUDE METERS: THE PRESIDENT OF THE JURY, DR. TAUGWALDER.



A GUIDE, ADOLF SCHALLER, HAS HIS ROPES INSPECTED. ONLY VERY RARELY ARE ROPES REJECTED, FOR THE GUIDES KNOW THAT THEIR LIVES AND THE LIVES OF OTHERS DEPEND ON THEM.

[Continued.] before he is allowed to enter the school for mountain guides, where the instruction includes languages, local geography, First Aid, and many other subjects besides the actual training in the mountains and on the glaciers. The final examination is held by experienced mountaineers, under police supervision, and the standard required is very high. Only after all the qualifying tests have been passed satisfactorily is a guide given his guide-book in which he has to enter every tour he

undertakes. Difficult though the examination is, it can provide no safeguard against the passing of the years, in which a guide may become careless of his equipment. For this reason a strict inspection is held annually, when every guide has to appear personally with his ropes, compass and altitude meters. A jury of experts carefully inspect all the material, especially the ropes which finally have seals attached to show that they have been found reliable.

LORD PEMBROKE'S NOBLE SEAT: ASPECTS OF HISTORIC, STORIED WILTON.



SHOWING THE TUDOR CENTRE OF THE EAST FRONT (RIGHT), WHICH SURVIVED THE FIRE OF C. 1647: THE SOUTH AND EAST FRONTS OF WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY, C. 1550-1650.



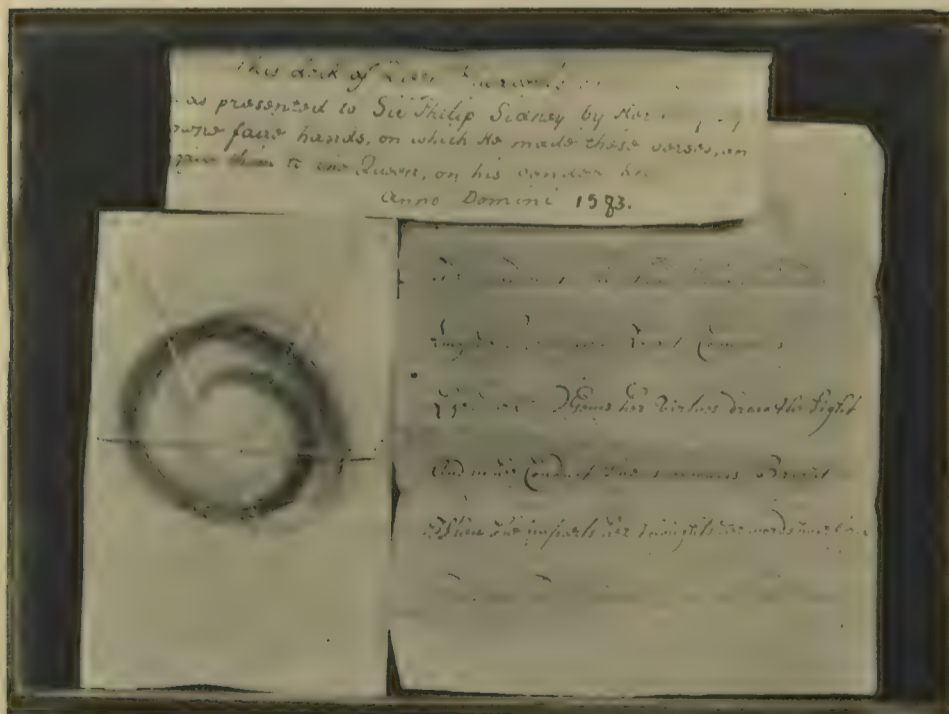
THE SOUTH FRONT OF WILTON HOUSE: AFTER THE FIRE, INIGO JONES WAS COMMISSIONED TO REBUILD IT. HE DIED IN 1652 AND HIS NEPHEW JOHN WEBB COMPLETED IT.



DESIGNED BY HENRY, NINTH EARL OF PEMBROKE, AND ROGER MORRIS: THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER NADDER, A FEATURE OF THE GROUNDS, COMPLETED, 1737.

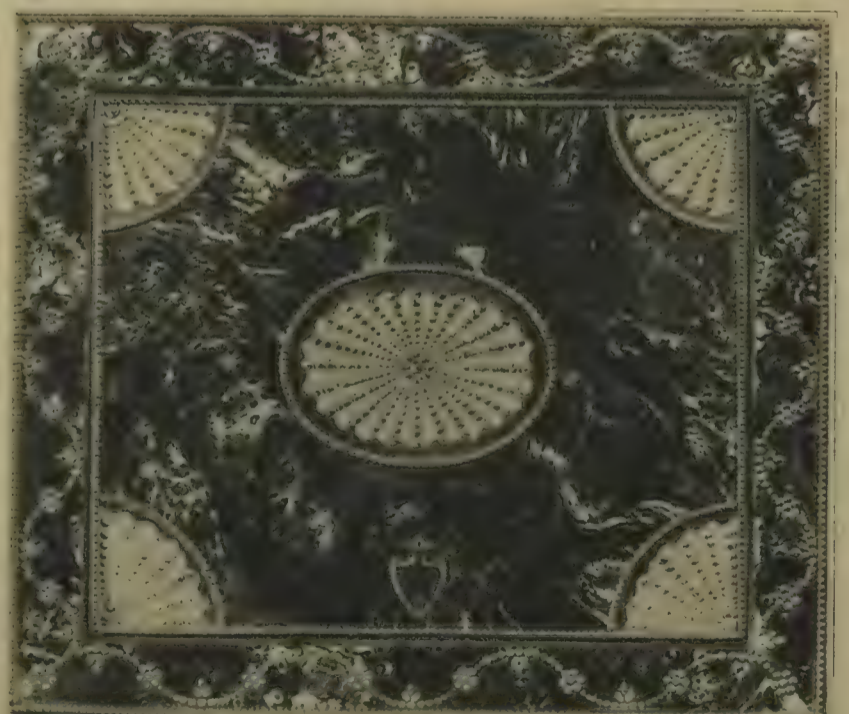


CONTAINING THE CELEBRATED VANDYCK PORTRAIT GROUP AND OTHER PAINTINGS: INIGO JONES'S "DOUBLE CUBE" SALON, WITH FURNITURE BY WILLIAM KENT AND CHIPPENDALE.



A PRICELESS RELIC AT WILTON: A LOCK OF THE HAIR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I. PRESENTED BY HER TO PHILIP SIDNEY; AND THE VERSES HE WROTE IN PRAISE OF HER.

Wilton House, Salisbury, seat of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, is a noble mansion, rich in royal and literary associations; and containing a wealth of artistic treasures. Last year some of the pictures were cleaned and the house was reopened to the public; and may be visited daily from April to October. The lands of Wilton were given by Henry VIII. to William Herbert in 1544, and the house he built was completed c. 1550. It was there that Elizabeth I. was entertained in 1574, and that Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, gathered about her such



GIVEN BY FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE MICHAEL WORONZOW TO HIS SISTER, CATHERINE, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE: THE DESPATCH-BOX USED BY NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

men as Ben Jonson, Edmund Spencer and Christopher Marlowe. Philip Sidney wrote "Arcadia" at Wilton, and tradition says that "Twelfth Night" or "As You Like It"—or both, were first played there. After the fire of 1647, Philip Lord Pembroke commissioned Inigo Jones to rebuild the house, and though he and his architect died before it was finished, Inigo Jones's nephew, John Webb, completed it. The famous paintings at Wilton include the great Vandyck group of the fourth Earl and his family, and many other important works.

AT WILTON HOUSE: PEMBROKE FAMILY PORTRAITS, AND LANDSCAPES.



SHOWING THE OLD APPROACH AND ENTRANCE: "THE EAST VIEW OF WILTON HOUSE"; BY RICHARD WILSON (1714-1782), ONE OF A SET OF FIVE VIEWS OF WILTON.



WITH THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE OVER THE NADDER ON THE RIGHT AND THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND: A VIEW OF "THE SOUTH FRONT OF WILTON," BY RICHARD WILSON (1714-1782).



"CAPTAIN JOHN FLOYD AND MISS KITTY HUNTER AND AN OFFICER": BY DAVID MORIER (1705-1770). KITTY HUNTER, WHO IS SHOWN STANDING ON THE LEFT, WAS THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTUS MONTGOMERY, ILLEGITIMATE SON OF HENRY, TENTH EARL OF PEMBROKE.



"CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS MONTGOMERY, R.N."; BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY (1753-1839). THE SITTER, SON OF HENRY, TENTH EARL OF PEMBROKE, AND KITTY HUNTER, WITH WHOM HE ELOPED IN 1761, WAS FIRST KNOWN AS AUGUSTUS RETNUH REEBKOMP (HUNTER REVERSED AND AN ANAGRAM OF PEMBROKE), BUT WHEN HE BECAME A CAPTAIN, R.N., HE BECAME MONTGOMERY.



"PHILIP, FOURTH EARL OF PEMBROKE, K.G."; BY HENDRIK POT (1600-1656). THIS PAINTING HANGS IN ONE OF THE ROOMS AT WILTON, WHICH ARE NOT SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC.

THE paintings in the collection at Wilton House, seat of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, include works by Continental and British masters and an important series of family portraits. Among the best-known of the last-named is the group by Sir Anthony Van Dyck of Philip, fourth Earl, and his family. It occupies almost the whole of one wall in the superb Double Cube Salon, which also contains other Van Dycks. The painting of Captain Floyd and Kitty Hunter, who eloped with the tenth Earl of Pembroke in 1761 and was the mother of Captain Augustus Montgomery, R.N., hangs in the Little Smoking Room. The treasures at Wilton include the lock of hair which Elizabeth I. presented to Philip Sidney and the verses he wrote to her in 1583. These are illustrated on our facing page. The verses run: "Her inward worth all outward show transcends, Envy her merits with regret commends. Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light; And in her conduct she is alwaies bright. When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force, And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse."



"ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), ONE OF THE FINE SERIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAITS IN THE COLONNADE ROOM.

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PROJECTED HELICOPTERS DESIGNED TO CARRY PASSENGERS, CARS AND FREIGHT ACROSS THE

An independent British airline, Silver City Airways, Ltd., recently announced plans for using a revolutionary type of helicopter, to meet the growing demands on the cross-Channel car and cycle ferry service, when their present fleet of freight aircraft begin to wear out in a few years' time. Air Commodore Griffith James Powell, C.B.E., Managing Director of Silver City Airways, announced that the company was interested in operating a fleet of giant helicopters with completely detachable fuselages. He thought that such a project would be technically possible in about five years' time, and his company has already issued a specification for such aircraft

to two British aircraft firms. Air Commodore Powell visualised each helicopter unit as consisting of an upper component, or "prime mover," which would incorporate the engines, rotors, fuel-tanks and crew accommodation, and three or four load-containing panniers which could be picked up and clipped to the top half at will. The detachable pannier would be a long, stream-lined box capable of carrying two cars, a number of cycles and motor-cycles, and twelve to fifteen passengers. The passengers would sit in a specially designed observation saloon at the front end of the pannier. Looking into the future, Air Commodore Powell said that the motorist

CHANNEL: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF GIANT HELICOPTERS WITH DETACHABLE FUSELAGES.

will be able to drive right on to the airstop—somewhere near Folkestone—almost on the water's edge, where he will be received by the traffic staff. Within five minutes both the motorist and the car will be ushered through the Customs and as soon as the car is cleared an airline official will drive it into one of several waiting helicopter panniers. At the same time the passengers will enter their observation cabin. After a minute or so a giant helicopter will speed towards them from across the sea, come to a gentle standstill above their heads, and slowly alight on the tarmac. The pilot will then pull a lever, releasing the safety straps which hold the pannier to

the helicopter and the incoming load will have ended its ten-minute journey from France. Almost immediately the "prime-mover" will rise again, hover for a few seconds and then descend over the waiting pannier. The safety toggles holding the two components together will be automatically engaged. Then both units will rise and speed across the Channel. Ten minutes later the procedure will be reversed on the French coast. With practice the process of connecting the two parts will be as easy as shunting a locomotive on to a loaded train, and the use of helicopters should enable the present number of journeys per day to be increased four times.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



day after day, how hot it is. As though we had not noticed!

The first to take umbrage at this minor heat-wave was the lawn, which is now as brown as coconut matting. Personally, I rather like to see it like that. It's as much a sign of real summer as snow is of winter, and though the grass looks deadlier than it's possible for any plant to be, without being actually

MY garden is suffering—but not yet disastrously—from drought. It must be six or eight weeks since we had any appreciable fall of rain, and the wireless keeps telling us,

DROUGHT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

name. The Cape figwort is trained up the north wall of my house, where it has reached a height of about 12 ft., and is a splendid sight, with its great panicles of scarlet pentstemon-like flowers branching and spraying out from the wall. A bush of *Ceratostigma willmottianum*, about 3 ft. high and 3 or 4 ft. through, is growing on a slope of raised soil against the west wall of the house, and seems to be thoroughly enjoying the heat and drought. It is flowering as I have never seen it flower before. The whole bush is spangled over with hundreds of heads of blossom, whose colour is a pure blue which has luminous quality which is most telling and attractive. In autumn the bush drops its leaves, but retains a great crop of small, roundish seed heads, which occasionally lead to self-sown seedlings springing up around the parent bush. When these are discovered, they are well worth lifting and potting, either for increasing one's own stock of this most excellent shrub, or for giving to friends. *Ceratostigma willmottianum* has a wonderfully long mid- and late-summer flowering season.

Two plants in a mixed flower border which detest the drought—and don't mind showing their dislike—are *Verbena corymbosa* and *Oenothera glaber*. I am not surprised at the verbena's resentment, for, when I first discovered it in South Chile, it was growing almost exclusively on the margins of streams and ditches. Here it likes a fairly stiff loam, rich in humus, if it is to produce its masses of blossom, which look so extraordinarily like heliotrope—and smell of it too, though not powerfully. And let me add, by the way, *Verbena corymbosa* does not send out underground stems, as stated in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening." It sends out long above ground stems, which root on touching the soil, but which are very easily controlled. *Oenothera glaber* had fortunately enjoyed a good innings of flowering before the drought overtook it. But the lovely deep golden blossoms, with those effective touches of red on the calyx, and their setting of glossy beetroot-red leaves, were in trouble some time before their season of beauty was over, and, unfortunately, before I noticed their distress and helped them out with a can of water. Both these plants, although so sensitive

to drought, respond very quickly indeed to help from the hose or the watering-can.

In the kitchen garden two things have needed watering, and by some unfortunate oversight, both were planted at almost the farthest point in all the garden from a dipping tank, and far beyond the reach of the hose. These two are celery and scarlet runners. Fortunately, with the celery I tried a plan of which I had been told, but which I had never seen put into practice. When the trench was dug for planting the celery, I had a good bed of fresh green stinging-nettles buried 6 ins. beneath the surface of the planting soil at the bottom of the trench. The theory is that the green nettles quickly rot down into a good moist and mushy layer, into which the roots of the celery soon find their way. This seems to have worked quite well, for in spite of the drought, and the small amount of watering they have received, the plants have made good growth, and promise well for the future. Years ago I devised a simple method of obtaining really good, well-grown celery. This was at my Stevenage nursery. One year I gave orders for a row of celery to be grown for my use. The resulting crop was fair to middling. Next year I told the man who did the planting and cultivating of the celery to plant two rows, one for him and the other for myself. That

year my celery was supremely good, and it continued good for as long as I continued this simple practice.

Has any gardener, amateur or professional, ever been known to sow less than "a row" of scarlet runner beans? A "row," of course, reaches from one side of a given plot of ground to the other, neither more nor less, no matter how many yards it may run to, and no matter how many or how few people are to consume the crop. I find it far better and safer to sow, or have sown, half a row, and let the other half of the row be sown with something else. This restrictive practice helps greatly in securing runner beans fit for human consumption. If too many are grown, the crop soon outstrips the rate of household consumption, and once that state of affairs occurs you may abandon all hope of having decent beans for the rest of that season—unless you go to the trouble yourself of stripping the plants of every bean that has reached the well-known portly, stringy, has-been stage. They may be fed to the pigs or the compost heap. Having done that you may gather the young tender pods that remain. What is more revolting at table than fibrous strings in scarlet runners—unless it be a long hair in the soup, and what so dull and unappetising as runner beans "strung" and shredded and boiled to flavourless, textureless nothingness.

I like my runners picked so young that there is no question of taking a knife to them, either for stringing or shredding. They should be boiled whole, and served whole, with salt, pepper and butter. In this way their texture is firm, short and nutty, and their flavour delicious. By sowing only half a row one ensures an



A PLANT WHICH SEEMS TO BE QUITE INDIFFERENT TO THE HEAT AND DROUGHT: *CERATOSTIGMA WILLMOTTIANUM*, WHICH HAS A WONDERFULLY LONG MID- AND LATE-SUMMER FLOWERING SEASON, THE WHOLE BUSH BEING SPANGLED OVER WITH HUNDREDS OF HEADS OF BLOSSOM, WHOSE COLOUR IS A PURE BLUE THAT IS MOST TELLING AND ATTRACTIVE.

Photograph by Reginald A. Malby and Co.

dead, I know that it will recover more quickly than anything else in the garden after the first real steady downpour. The fact that the lawn-mower has been able to take a three-weeks holiday has probably made little or no difference in the garden labour problem. The drought has entailed a certain amount of work in other directions, especially with the hose and the watering-cans. That the dahlia plants have suffered surprises me. I should have expected them to tide over until better times by living, so to speak, on capital, of which they must have plenty stored in their tubers. But no, they are still pitifully dwarf and stunted, though there is still time, if rain should come fairly soon, for them to run up into reasonable plants by the time that one wants and expects dahlias to be flowering. Not one of my dahlias has a name. All are home-raised seedlings, descended from a dozen or two plants which I raised about three generations back, from a few seed heads given to me by a neighbour from her garden. For convenience I call them collectively the Carnival strain. All are singles or semi-singles, and many of them inherit traces of the handsome, dark beetroot-red leaves and stems of "Bishop of Llandaff." I grow tubers of the varieties I like best from year to year, and, saving a little seed each autumn from a few of the most striking, raise a small batch of seedlings each spring from which to select a few new super-favourites.

Two plants which seem to be quite indifferent to the heat and drought are the Cape figwort *phygelius capensis* and *Ceratostigma willmottianum*, which seems to have managed up till now without any English



AMONG THE BEST OF ALL DROUGHT RESISTERS: A HOLLYHOCK (CHARTER'S DOUBLE) WHICH, WITH ITS STATELY HABIT AND RICH COLOURS, IS A SUPERB FEATURE IN THE ENGLISH GARDEN IN JULY.

Photograph by J. E. Downward, F.I.B.P.

artificial shortage and averts all danger of coarse, stringy runners. This year I forgot to see to it that only half a row was sown, and until drought set in I saw danger ahead. Runners, however, are very sensitive to drought, and it was a simple matter to give half-a-dozen cans of water to half the row. The other half of the row is a pathetic sight. It would be more humane to pull the plants up. But no. Rain seems to be looming. I will let them take their chance and let them remain unpicked. Their dry seeds will later make good chicken feed.



AN UNSPOILT VILLAGE RINGED ABOUT BY BUILDINGS OF EDINBURGH CITY: DUDDINGSTON, WHICH LIES SOUTH OF KING'S PARK, SHOWING THE NORMAN CHURCH IN WHICH JAMES THOMSON, LANDSCAPE PAINTER, MINISTERED, AND WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT WAS ONE OF THE ELDERS.



THE MOST FAMOUS VIEW OF THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL, WHERE THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA WILL OPEN ON AUGUST 17: THE PROSPECT FROM CALTON HILL, WITH THE CASTLE (LEFT) DOMINATING THE SCENE, PRINCES STREET IN THE CENTRE AND THE SCOTT MEMORIAL ON THE LEFT.

WHERE MUSIC-LOVERS AND THEATRICAL ENTHUSIASTS WILL GATHER: EDINBURGH, WHOSE FESTIVAL OPENS ON AUGUST 17.

The Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama, inaugurated in 1947, is the leading event of the northern season. The finest orchestras, conductors, and virtuosos; ballerinas, and distinguished actors and actresses from many lands assemble there to perform to audiences, many members of which have travelled from distant points. This year the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to open the Festival on August 17, when it will be inaugurated, as usual, with a service of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Giles's Cathedral. On this page we give drawings illustrating aspects of Edinburgh. The village of Duddingston, though practically ringed round by the city buildings, is rural and unspoilt. It lies to the south

of the King's Park adjoining the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and has literary associations, for Sir Walter Scott, one of the elders of the Church, is believed to have written chapters of "The Heart of Midlothian" in the garden of the manse when staying with James Thomson, the then minister. At the churchyard gate are the "loupin on" stone from which horsemen mounted, and the "joughs," an iron neck-ring used as a pillory for scolds and vagrants. The view from Calton Hill, looking straight down Princes Street, one of the world's famous thoroughfares bordered by shops on one side and gardens on the other, and dominated by the Castle, is the most famous prospect of Edinburgh.

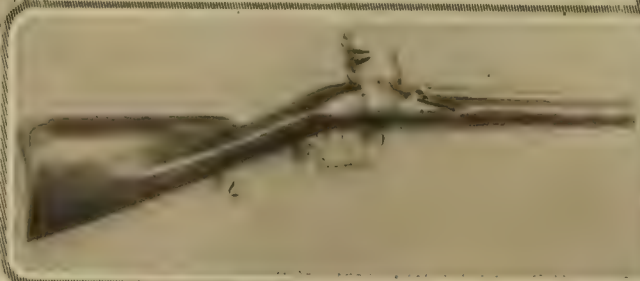
INCLUDING A WEAPON TO END WARS: ARMAMENTS OF THE PAST AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.



ONE OF A NUMEROUS SERIES BORNE BY THE STATE GUARD OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK DURING THE LATE SIXTEENTH AND EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES: A TWO-HAND SWORD, 1573, WITH CYPHER OF DUKE JULIUS.



TWO OF THE FLINTLOCK PISTOLS ON VIEW: ONE OF A PAIR, C. 1700, ONE SIGNED *FRAPPIER ET MONLONG A PARIS*. MONLONG LEFT PARIS IN 1685 AND APPARENTLY WORKED IN LONDON. THE LOWER PISTOL IS ONE OF A PAIR SIGNED *MORITZ A CASSELL*, C. 1680.



BEARING AN INSCRIPTION TO THE EFFECT THAT THIS WEAPON IS SO TERRIBLE THAT ITS USE WILL END ALL WARS AND USHER IN THE GOLDEN AGE: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BREECH-LOADING FLINTLOCK CARBINE BY BIDET, OF LONDON, BEARING THE ARMS OF GEORGE I. IT WAS THE PRECURSOR OF THE BREECH-LOADING RIFLE PATENTED BY CAPTAIN PATRICK FERGUSON FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1776.



WITH AN ELABORATELY ETCHED HILT: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SERIES OF TWO-HAND SWORDS BORNE BY THE STATE GUARD OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK. MADE FOR DUKE JULIUS.

THE Exhibition of Arms, Armour and Militaria at the Tower of London consists of arms and armour selected from a much larger total, which until 1945 was preserved in the Castle of Blankenburg. It has been lent for display by the Duke of Brunswick. In his foreword to the catalogue, Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, points out that the importance—and, indeed, one might add the romance—of the display lies in the fact that it is not part of a collection in the sense of an accumulation, but is part of an armoury whose items have been made to the order of one family

[Continued opposite.]

for contemporary use—much of it in that family's own workshops. The earliest pieces were made in the lifetime of Duke Heinrich (1489-1568), who was followed by Duke Julius, the great patron of armourers. From his time date the "wedding" armours bearing the device of the heart and conjoined hands of himself and his bride, Hedwig of Brandenburg; probably made for him and his courtiers for the celebrations following the marriage ceremony. Paintings, musical instruments, uniforms and standards are also on view in the exhibition, which will continue until October 31.



A SALLET C. 1470-80 AND A FLUTED CLOSE-HELMET (MODERN SCREW-ON TOP), AT TOP (L. AND R.); AND BELOW (L. AND R.), AN ETCHED CLOSE-HELMET WITH DOUBLE-VISOR AND AN ETCHED CLOSE-HELMET, 16TH CENTURY.



WITH FIGURES OF HECTOR OF TROY, ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND JULIUS CAESAR IN THE ETCHED DECORATION: THE BACK-PLATE OF A COMPLETE ARMOUR FOR THE FIELD, OF 1549, WITH ETCHED BANDS.



BEARING THE CREST OF THE DUKES OF BRUNSWICK, INCORPORATING THE FAMOUS WHITE HORSE OF HANOVER: A PAINTED WOODEN PAGEANT CREST ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.



DATING FROM THE TIME OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR: A CUIRASSIER'S ARMOUR, THE WHOLE DECORATED WITH ROWS OF ROUND-HEADED BRASS-COVERED RIVETS.



COMPOSED OF PARTS OF SEVERAL CONTEMPORARY ARMOURS: A THREE-QUARTER FLUTED ARMOUR FOR THE FIELD. THE ARMOUR C. 1525; THE CUIRASS C. 1510.



ONE OF THE SERIES OF ETCHED "WEDDING" ARMOURS OF DUKE JULIUS, WHO MARRIED HEDWIG OF BRANDENBURG: IT BEARS ON THE BREAST A HEART WITH CONJOINED HANDS.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROCK CARVINGS OF THE ERITREAN HIGHLANDS:

"MODERNISTIC" SCULPTURE AND ENIGMATIC INSCRIPTIONS.

By SANNIE F. DREW. (Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings by Mrs. Drew.)

THE high mountain plateau of Ethiopia, surrounded as it is on all sides by hot, waterless deserts, has formed throughout the ages a bastion fortress against invasion and penetration by foreign races. A narrow tongue of this plateau runs northward into modern Eritrea and it is here that the plateau approaches nearest to the coast of the Red Sea.

The relatively flat top of this land is cool and fertile, and enjoys a most delightful and equitable climate, and a good rainfall. It forms the watershed, in places extremely narrow, between the Nile Valley system and the Red Sea, and is threaded throughout its length, from Asmara to Addis Ababa, by a wonderful

overladen with baskets of salt for the markets of the Tigrai and Begemdir, that hundreds of rock-carvings, inscriptions and drawings of animals are to be found. (These routes have now been superseded by the motor roads leading to Assab and to Asmara, respectively south and north of the great Dankalia depression, which forms an almost impenetrable barrier throughout its length owing to the intense heat and to its waterless, encrusted salt.)

During a stay of three years in Eritrea, I was able to examine some of these inscribed rocks, and whilst much further study will be required to ascertain their age (it must be remembered that the routes have

been in use until comparatively recently), it would nevertheless appear that many of them are of considerable antiquity. Some are in shelters in the rock, where generations of travellers have rested for the night, and where many different kinds of writing and primitive signs are to be seen (Figs. 4-9). There are crosses cut in the stone, perhaps made by the Syrian monks who brought Christianity to Axum in the fourth century, and there are superb heraldic emblems, 18 ins. across, with a deep patina. In addition to the engraved drawings, there are paintings in cave-shelters, often in the most inaccessible places along the cliffs. Alongside the painted shelters are others still occupied by the families of Miniferi and Assaorta tribesmen. But the walls of the latter are black with smoke, whereas no smoke was to be found on the walls of any of the shelters containing paintings: indeed, the Moslem people seemed to shun them, and it is usually only the small boys who will lead one to them and show one where they are.

It was in a deep, rocky ravine that a picture of an elephant hunt was found. A cavity had been scooped out of the sandstone by water and the drawings were so low down that I had to squat to copy them. There were other drawings above and to the side, very lively, with what appeared to be naked women, heavy-thighed and tousel-headed, herding

From sand-buried Adulis and other havens on the hot coast there are many tracks up to the plateau, especially those up the narrow, precipitous gorges of the Haddas, Kumaili and Endeli Rivers. It is along these paths, deserted now except for a few donkeys

at the top of a precipice: it was narrow, and the floor sloped outwards, and from it we could hear the herdsmen crying to their oxen some hundreds of feet below. The first impression was of three stylised lions, claws drawn and manes staring, springing out on small, naturalistically-drawn human beings—but fainter and below these appeared three fantastically long-limbed figures, beautifully waisted, with great shoulders and tiny heads and armed with sticks. To the right were later schematic drawings in deep red, with symbols and a man with a plough and two oxen. No elephant or lion have been known in these parts for many years now, but a village a few miles away is called Ambeset, "the place of lions," and in days gone by an Ethiopian chieftain had to prove his manhood by killing a lion in single combat: thereafter, he could wear the mane as a golden crown on his head. It is officially recorded that one of Lord Napier's reconnoitring parties saw elephants in the coastal plain below in 1868.

There appears to be a deep-rooted suspicion among the local people that foreigners who wander off the beaten track in their country come in search of gold



FIG. 1. TYPICAL OF THE SAVAGE COUNTRY IN ERITREA WHERE MRS. DREW FOUND SO MANY ROCK CARVINGS AND DRAWINGS: A PRECIPICE AT KOHAITO, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BAATI, BAHTANIAANS. ROUND THE FACE OF THE CLIFF LIES A CAVE WHOSE WALLS ARE PAINTED WITH HUNDREDS OF ANIMALS.

motor road: but on either side it is gashed by precipitous ravines which make communications extremely difficult. Often it takes the best part of a day's travelling on foot or by mule to reach a village which appeared only a few miles away, and one may have to risk one's neck over a bridge which an enterprising chief has made by throwing a couple of logs across a crack 200 ft. deep: in fact, for a European, it is best to sit on a mule with one's eyes shut and give the animal its head. An Ethiopian lady will ride across such chasms looking enchanting in an embroidered white gown and little black cloak all studded with silver bugles and holding a tiny grass sunshade over her head.

The highlanders who live in this country are tall and handsome, with marked native dignity and arrogance (Fig. 2) and with the longest and thinnest legs imaginable. They will stride fifty miles without rest, travelling night and day. A Christian people, proud and warlike, they have defended their mountain country for more than 1000 years alike against foreign penetration and the invasion of Moslem tribesmen inhabiting the low, hot desert and semi-desert countries that surround them on all sides.

It is the Akele Guzai division of Eritrea and the northern part of the Tigrai Province of Ethiopia, where this mountain plateau approaches nearest to the sea, that have formed the main connection between Ethiopia and the outside world. Here lie the caravan routes from ancient Adulis on the sea to Axum on the plateau, and the same route was followed by Lord Napier's expedition less than a century ago. It is in this area that the rock carvings and paintings referred to were found. Here, the high plateau is very narrow: in more than one place the road following the watershed runs along a col not 20 yards wide, with drops 1000 ft. on either side. Towards the setting sun, the land breaks into steep valleys leading down into the Rivers Mareb and Taccazé which water the ancient kingdom of Axum and flow on to form the Gash delta in the Sudan, and the Atbara branch of the Nile respectively. But to the east, the land is broken cataclysmically and the floods from the torrential rains crash down terrific gorges to the Red Sea or to the Dankalia depression, 8000 ft. below.



FIG. 2. A MAN OF THE AD TEKLAIS TRIBE IN ERITREA—A MOSLEM. MOST OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ERITREAN HIGHLANDS ARE, HOWEVER, CHRISTIAN AND ARE DESCRIBED BY MRS. DREW AS "TALL AND HANDSOME, WITH MARKED NATIVE DIGNITY AND ARROGANCE, AND WITH THE LONGEST AND THINNEST LEGS IMAGINABLE."

strangely-shaped animals (which the local Moslem children said were pigs); and a boy running after a group of great horned cattle, the horns drawn in twisted perspective. These were all in black, but at another site in the Endeli gorge there was a cave where the paintings were all done in reds, with at least two paintings superimposed on an earlier one in orange. This shelter was hollowed out, probably by the weather,



FIG. 3. A ROCK SHELTER ON A PRECIPICE AT BA'AT FOCADA AGAME, ETHIOPIA. THE VALLEY FAR BELOW DRAINS INTO THE ENDELI RIVER, WHICH LOSES ITSELF IN THE SANDS OF THE DANKALIA DESERT.

and for this reason they appear loth to show them any cave-shelters and inscriptions. As a lone woman, I appear to have been more favoured, and on one occasion villagers took me to a remote place through most beautiful mountains: the path was thick with flowers, little white stocks, deep maroon dianthus, mignonette and wild roses. Above the houses, high on a rock-face far out of reach, was a diagram in red paint which looked like a child's game left unfinished. This, they said, was drawn by a "foreigner" thirty generations ago, in connection with ancient gold workings.

Many of the most interesting carvings seem to be on the "high places" affording magnificent views of sunrise or sunset (Figs. 1 and 3). On one such place in the Akele Guzai there is a remarkable frieze hammered out in sunk relief (Figs. 10 and 11). It faces west, with a panoramic view over the Hagamo plain below to the savage saw-tooth hills of Adowa. The rock-face is much weathered, lichen has grown over the grey and black stone. The human figures hammered out in the rock are about half-life-size, clothed, and armed with heavy lances, and moving with great arrogance. One man appears to have a woman in tow, and two others are savagely stabbing a trussed captive. Patches of the black surface of the rock have been left uncut deliberately in rectangular and oval shapes, a technique which lends great beauty to the fierce design. The local people, who are Christians, say they are the ruins of an ancient city on the plateau behind.

In contrast to this frieze, in subject and technique, is a little group of thirty naked female figures (Figs. 12 and 13) incised in bold relief at Dahro Caulos, in the Hamasien Division of Eritrea. They are deeply cut in pink sandstone, low down at the entrance of a cave which seems to have been made by human hands. It runs 30 to 40 yards into the hillside and is rather lovely, with pink and gold wet sandstone walls and limpid water underfoot. Tradition has it that this was the dwelling of a hermit and that the water has medicinal properties.

And so on: there are many such sites on the northern Ethiopian plateau waiting to be explored and recorded by people with more knowledge than I possess. The country is exciting and the people most charming.

THE CRYPTIC INSCRIPTIONS OF ERITREA: ENIGMAS OF THE ROCK-SHELTERS.

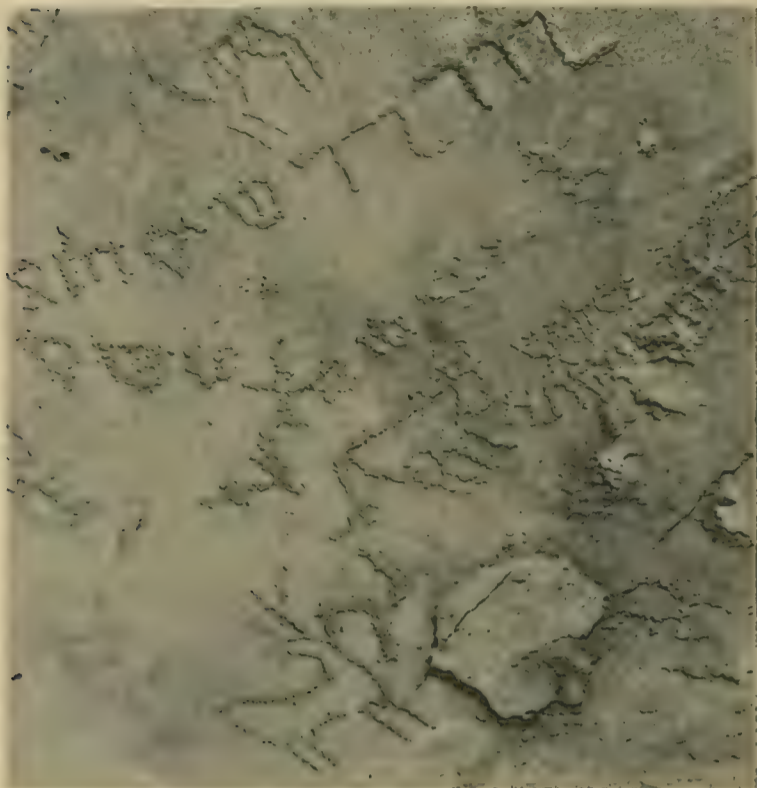


FIG. 4. CATTLE, DEER AND EARLY ETHIOPIC CHARACTERS CARVED ON THE FLAT ROCK-FACE AT KOHAITO, AKELE GUZAI, ERITREA.

DURING the three years that she was living in Eritrea (of which her husband, Brigadier F. G. Drew, was Chief Administrator) Mrs. Drew wandered far and wide in the highlands of the country and was able to disarm the suspicions of the natives as to her curiosity about the innumerable inscriptions and rock-carvings which are to be found all over this little-known and for the most part savage country. With pencil and camera she collected great quantities of these curious inscriptions. Some of the carvings are of animals, including animals no longer found in the country; but the majority appear to be a hodge-podge of symbols and animals—which may have been added to from time to time as different generations of travellers or traders took shelter in the

[Continued below.]



FIG. 5. A COMPLEX OF INSCRIPTIONS ON A ROCK IN THE VALLEY OF AFFAYOUM, IN WESTERN ERITREA—THEY ARE CHALKED FOR CLARITY.



FIG. 6. AN ELEPHANT CARVED ON A ROCK WALL AT KOHAITO (SEE FIG. 1), ONE OF INNUMERABLE ANIMAL CARVINGS. ELEPHANTS ARE NO LONGER FOUND IN ERITREA.



FIG. 7. A FRIEZE OF CATTLE PAINTED ON THE ROCK WALL AT KOHAITO, WITH TWO FIGURES OF HUMAN BEINGS OF LATER DATE ADDED IN THE LOWER SERIES.



FIG. 8. A BOULDER AT AD TECLESAN COVERED WITH A HAMMERED INSCRIPTION (CHALKED FOR CLARITY) WHICH RESEMBLES A MODERN TEXTILE DESIGN.

Continued.] caves. Two outstanding carvings are discussed on page 225; but here we show an assortment of the jumbled inscriptions. Some of these have been definitely identified as Early Ethiopic, but others which at first sight appear to resemble Christian monograms made up of Greek letters of the names Michael, Gabriel, and the like, do not bear closer scrutiny although they are still felt to have a "Christian" air about them. For the most part they remain as yet an unsolved enigma. In the article on page 225, Mrs. Drew states that many of the most interesting carvings seem to be on the "high places," and one of the photographs reproduced here was taken with a drop of 3000 ft. immediately behind the photographer!

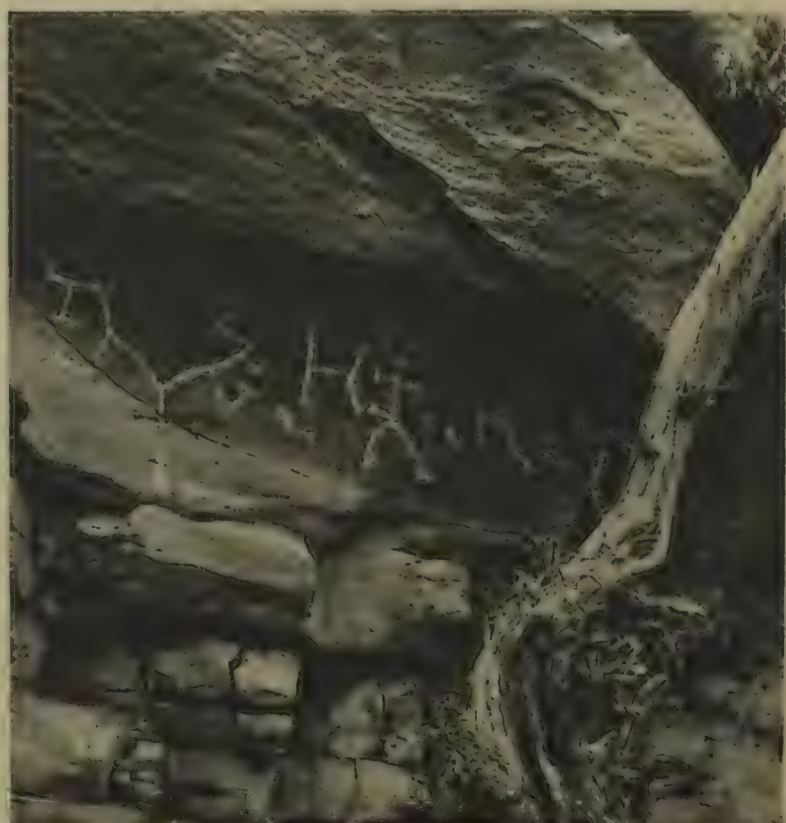


FIG. 9. AN EARLY ETHIOPIC INSCRIPTION (CHALKED FOR CLARITY) ON THE ROCK-FACE AT KOHAITO—WITH A 3000-FT. DROP BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

"HENRY MOORES" FROM SAVAGE ERITREA: NEWLY-FOUND ROCK-SCULPTURES.

IN her article on page 225 Mrs. Drew tells how in the highlands of Eritrea she found quantities of inscribed, carved and painted rocks—some in caves, some in rock-shelters and others in the open. Many of these appear to have grown through the ages, additions being made by travellers who took shelter on their journeys through these savage heights. Many of the inscriptions contain Early Ethiopic symbols and some of them appear to be generally "Christian," though as yet undeciphered. The two on this page, however, seem to be

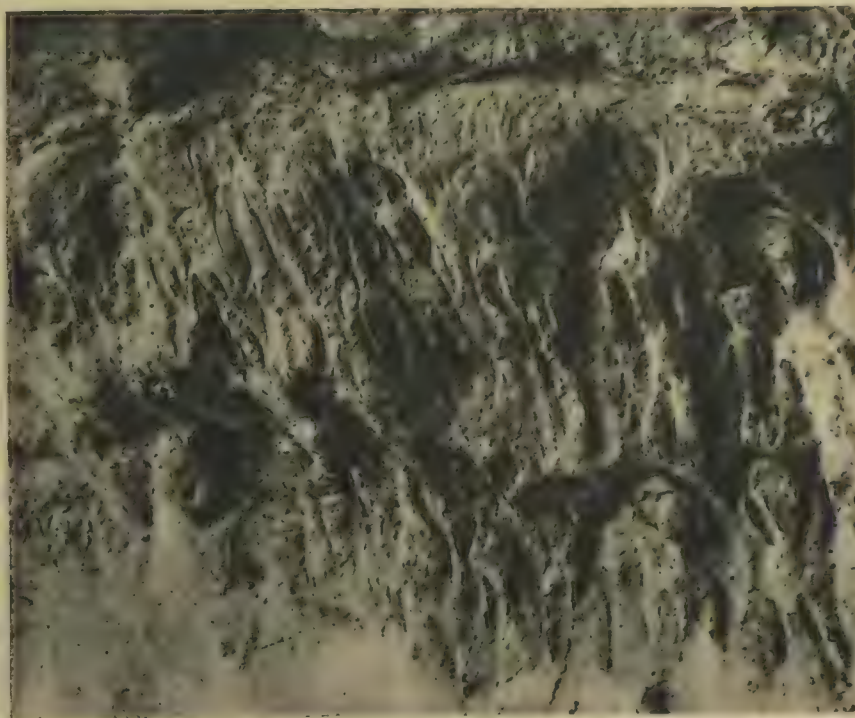
[Continued below, right.]



(ABOVE.) FIG. 10. AN ASTONISHING HAMMERED ROCK-FRIEZE AT MEALLAU, IN ERITREA, TRANSCRIBED IN WATER-COLOUR BY MRS. DREW FROM THE ORIGINAL ROCK-SHELTER—SEE FIG. 11.



(LEFT.) FIG. 11. THE MEALLAU FRIEZE (SEE ALSO FIG. 10) BEING MEASURED. THE LIGHT PARTS ARE RECESSED BY HAMMERING, THE DARK BEING THE ORIGINAL COLOUR OF THE STONE SURFACE.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 12. PART OF A GROUP OF ABOUT THIRTY FEMALE FIGURES, EACH 7 TO 10 INS. HIGH, CARVED FROM THE PINK SANDSTONE OF A CAVE ENTRANCE IN DARHO CAULOS, ERITREA. SEE ALSO FIG. 13.



FIG. 13. A MODERNIST NIGHTMARE OF WOMEN FROM A CAVE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ERITREA: FROM A TRANSCRIPTION IN WATER-COLOUR BY MRS. DREW OF THE ORIGINAL RELIEFS SHOWN IN FIG. 12.

Continued.
in a different class and in their different ways to have an affinity with modern sculpture. The tadpole-like women of Figs. 12 and 13 seem to be part of some surrealist nightmare, doodles of an obsessed sculptor; while the hollow figures of Figs. 10 and 11—the black masses are level, the lighter parts recessed by hammering—seem to be the work of a primitive and story-telling "Henry Moore." In the centre an imposing figure with a javelin, carrying or dragging a woman, confronts another javelin-armed man; while to the right two warriors stab at a trussed victim. An ox and two other less-defined warriors make up the background. There is little guide as to the age of these works.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE FOX AND THE FLEAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EVERY so often the story of the fox and the fleas comes up again: in the pages of a newspaper, in conversation, in an old book, more rarely we meet it in one of the secondary scientific journals, and once, at least, it was broadcast. The story goes back to Æsop. Yet, tell this story to a professional zoologist and he will laugh sceptically, or, at best, shake his head in sad disbelief. Field naturalists react less violently. The story usually begins with the eye-witness telling of a fox collecting sheep's wool, or, it may be, horse-hair or cow's hair, from a barbed-wire fence or from a hedge. Or it may be a bunch of dried grass. It may even tell of the fox collecting a teazel and, holding this in its mouth, brushing its tail until a bunch of hair has collected on the teazel. Often the story tells of the fox showing signs of an itch on the shoulders in a place it can neither scratch with the hind-feet, nor bite. Then, it continues, the fox makes for the near-by river, or a pond or lake, either jumps in or wades in, the bunch of wool, hair or grass held in its teeth. The beast submerges, if necessary treading water, until only the nostrils, or the tip of the snout, are exposed, with the bunch of hair, still held in the teeth, floating on the surface. After a time, given usually as ten minutes or thereabouts, the fox lets go the bunch of hair, wool or grass, backs

The intelligence tests carried out by Bastian Schmid showed that a marten is superior even to a monkey in solving certain problems, and that his tame fox was not far behind either of them. If any further proof were needed of a good brain, and an ability to solve problems, it would be found in the many well-authenticated instances of stratagems used by foxes to outwit their pursuers, especially in localities where

such examples from other writers, and I, for one, would prefer to say that some foxes at least take advantage of every opportunity, or even themselves creating the favourable situation. In any case, what is a sense of perception if it is not intelligence? And why is perception instinctive in a fox and not so in a man? Is it not rather that what is cleverness in man is mere cunning in a fox?

Frank W. Lane, in his "Nature Parade," has shown that an almost identical story is told of the foxes of South America, and of the skunk in North America. Foxes and skunks belong to that division of the animal kingdom we call the Carnivora. In other words, they have a close kinship with our domestic dogs and cats; and who among us will not accept at least a rudimentary intelligence in these? Not only is personal experience and observation in favour of such an acceptance, but so are the facts of comparative anatomy. The brain of an insect is relatively small and insignificant, yet it is admitted to-day that even an insect is capable of a plastic behaviour, over and above its mechanical behaviour pattern. In other words, it has a simple form of intelligence. The carnivore brain, on the other hand, is comparatively large, and the cerebrum—the "thinking" part of the brain—is well developed and its surface thrown into folds.



A FOX DOES DO THIS.

Shepherds tell how foxes can be seen frequently collecting wool from bushes or barbed-wire fences. The usual explanation is that it is the vixen who does this to make a bed for her cubs.

they are regularly hunted. Some of these are so remarkable as to bear the impress of highly intelligent action, if not of actual reasoning. Yet, in spite of these, zoologists are most reluctant to use the words "reasoning" and "intelligence." Michael Blackmore probably expresses the general attitude when he says: "The fox has a well-developed sense of perception which enables it to take advantage of a favourable



A FOX COULD DO THIS.

Foxes frequently enter water, possibly often with wool in the mouth. The accidental (or "reasoned") discovery of the effective use of wool as a refuge for vermin could come as an easy next step.

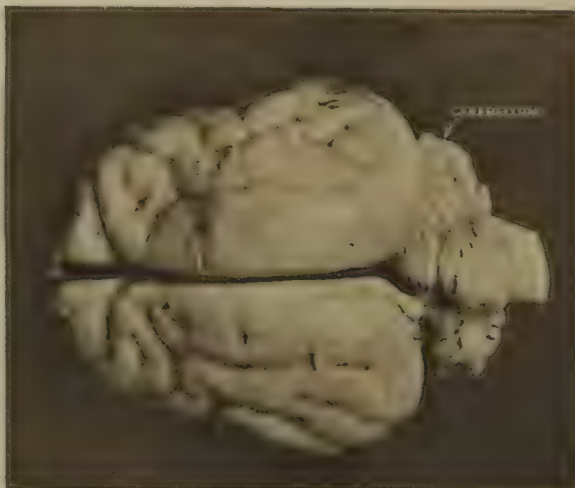
away still submerged, leaving it floating on the surface of the water, full of fleas.

Here, then, is the remarkable incident, which many people have testified to seeing. Yet it is still disbelieved by zoologists of experience. However, it does not follow that because a majority disbelieve something it must necessarily be wrong. More important is it to decide whether the mental equipment of a fox is adequate for such action, and whether it is possible, by the use of circumstantial evidence, to support or cast doubt on the story. We might perhaps start with a simple question: why is the story so unbelievable? There are many examples of animal behaviour as remarkable, or even more remarkable, which no well-informed zoologist doubts. After thinking a great deal round and about this story of the fox and the fleas, I have come to the conclusion that the great obstacle to our acceptance of it is because to do so would be to credit a fox with at least some ability to reason. Now, it is a strange paradox that the zoologist who is most insistent upon the kinship of man with the rest of the animal world is usually the last one to allow any trace of human behaviour in animals, with the possible exception of chimpanzees and gorillas. He will, of course, allow animal behaviour in human beings. But he generally draws his most rigid line between man and animals in the matter of mental equipment, and asserts that intelligence, and more especially a reasoning power, is a peculiarly human attribute. Presumably, therefore, in this case, his argument would be that a man might hit upon such a plan for ridding himself of vermin, but a fox—never.



WOULD A FOX DO THIS?

It is to be hoped that anyone seeing a fox bite off a teazel and brush its tail to obtain hair for any purpose whatever, will retrieve the teazel and send it to an accredited zoologist for examination of teeth-marks, and also to have the event suitably placed on record. Evidence of such behaviour can only be obtained as a result of a chance observation.



RELATIVELY WELL-ENDOWED WITH HIGHER CENTRES OF NERVOUS ACTIVITY: THE BRAIN OF A FOX. (Nat. size; 3 ins. long.) The mental capacity of an animal can not be judged solely by the shape of the brain. Its internal structure must also be taken into consideration. Nevertheless, even taken at its "face value," the brain of a fox is relatively well-endowed with higher centres of nervous activity. The cerebellum is concerned with automatic muscular activity, the two larger cerebral hemispheres lying in front of the cerebellum are concerned with sensory perception and the higher levels of behaviour.

Drawings by J. Burton and photograph by Neave Parker.

situation, but even so, there is no justification for crediting the animal with reasoning powers. Its cunning and perception are merely a part of its natural instincts." One could quote, if space permitted, many

It makes a near approach to the human brain in form, if not in size. *A priori*, the capacity for intelligent behaviour must be considerably more than that found in an insect. The possibility of some kind of thought cannot be ruled out, even though we cannot yet define its scope or appreciate its manner of working.

There is perhaps one serious error implicit in the majority of opinions voiced on this subject. It is readily admitted that in human beings there is a widely varying mental capacity, from that of the traditional village idiot to a Sir Isaac Newton. Yet it seems always assumed that the mental capacities of foxes, say, are the same in all individuals of the species. May it not be that it is only those foxes of sharpened intellects that resort to the remarkable stratagems for escaping the hounds—or for getting rid of fleas? It may be, of course, that this method of getting rid of vermin is a fixed and inherited behaviour pattern, having no more than an appearance of intelligence. Raccoons, for example, are known to wash their food in water before eating it. This looks like an intelligent action, until we find that they also wash fish, even when they have just taken them from water. The fox's alleged method of getting rid of vermin may be a comparable thing, a fixed and inherited behaviour pattern. On the other hand, if that were so, it should occur much more regularly. Since no one has so far told us what thought is, can we so confidently deny it in the higher animals. Putting two and two together is a very elementary thought-process, and the little I know of foxes suggests that they are capable of doing so.

RUSSIAN WATERWAYS, AND THE OPEN SEA, AND SHIPS THAT SAIL THEM.



DUE TO SAIL FROM ROTTERDAM ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON AUGUST 11: THE HOLLAND-AMERIKA LINER *MAASDAM*, DESIGNED TO COMBINE ECONOMY WITH COMFORT.

The Holland-America new liners *Ryndam* and *Maasdam* offer "a new concept in tourist travel," and are designed mainly for tourist-class. *Ryndam* went into service last year; *Maasdam*'s maiden voyage will begin on August 11. Her crossing time is eight days, and she accommodates 836 tourist-class passengers.



SHOWING THE NEW FUNNEL-TOP WITH WHICH SHE HAS BEEN FITTED TO ELIMINATE SPRAYING OF SMUTS ON HER SUPERSTRUCTURE: THE P. AND O. LINER *CHUSAN*.

The 24,000-ton P. and O. liner *Chusan* was recently fitted with a new funnel-top, a 15-ft. extension incorporating a device for eliminating the spraying of smuts on the superstructure. During her first cruise the results were found satisfactory. On her return, funnel and paintwork were exceptionally clean.



RUSSIA'S NEW INLAND WATERWAYS: THE MOTOR VESSEL *JOSEPH STALIN* MOVING THROUGH THE FIRST LOCK ON HER INITIAL VOYAGE ALONG THE VOLGA-DON CANAL.

The Volga-Don Canal is now navigable for large ships, and thus Moscow is linked by river and canal with the Black Sea, and, through Moscow, waterways run from the Black Sea to the White Sea and the Baltic. Huge crowds watched the *Joseph Stalin* entering the first lock on her initial voyage down the Volga-Don Canal.



THE TINY WINNER OF THE BERMUDA-PLYMOUTH RACE: *SAMUEL PEPPS*, SMALLEST YACHT COMPETING, WHICH WON IN THE TIME OF 17 DAYS 5 HRS. 3 MINS. 54 SECS.

The result of the Bermuda-Plymouth race (a handicap contest) was not known until *Samuel Pepys* reached Plymouth on July 28, and was found to be the winner. Her length at water-line is 24 ft.; her complement is four. Entered by the Royal Naval Sailing Association, her captain is Lt. Cdr. Errol Bruce, R.N.



DISPLAYING THE "COCK OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET" TROPHY TO HIS WIFE: CAPTAIN L. F. DURNFORD-SLATER, R.N., COMMANDING H.M.S. *GAMBIA*, WHICH HAS WON IT.

H.M.S. *Gambia* arrived at Devonport on July 31 from the East Indies Station. She left the United Kingdom to join the Mediterranean station on March 30, 1950, and has served in the Persian Gulf, and in the Canal Zone and Ceylon. She won the Mediterranean Fleet Pulling Regatta "Crack Cruiser" trophy last month.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CONTRASTS IN TASTE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I WAS talking recently to some young people who had very definite ideas about furniture—or, rather, they were mostly talking and I was mostly listening, which old-fashioned art (or is it craft?) can be cultivated when the occasion seems to demand it—and among other axioms they laid down was "No trimmings, no carvings, just plain geometry, please." I did not argue, because that happens to be what I like myself—or at any rate what I would choose to live with if I had unlimited funds with which to play—but afterwards, left to myself, I began to wonder whether so austere a gospel might not be a trifle inhibiting—whether it might not be the part of a sensible man to set off his stark scientific mathematical surroundings with one or two luscious pieces by way of contrast and as a reminder that too rigid a code of conduct in such a matter might lead to boredom rather than pleasure. Playing with this idea, I looked about me for a few pieces which my friends might well consider over-complex for their exacting standards, and came across these three examples of eighteenth-century furniture which once upon a time undoubtedly expressed the ideals of most young people, who were probably equally convinced of their impeccable taste.

If there is one thing certain, it is that taste varies from one generation to another, and I suppose that of my chosen pieces of furniture, Fig. 3, the George II. commode by William Vile (as notable a cabinet-maker in his time as Chippendale, but without the foresight to publish a large folio book and thus ensure his reputation) is further removed from modern notions of what such a thing should be than the other two. Indeed, you have to make a conscious effort and be possessed by a strong historical sense before you can put yourself back in the 1740's (for I suppose that is the decade in which it was made), and imagine the impact of such a design upon William Vile's customers. You have to imagine that, the only furniture known to you would be, first, a few heavy carved oak pieces, which you would no doubt label as interesting but barbarous and Gothic (I think the latter word was just about coming into fashion to express something uncouth), and you would remember the various kinds of walnut furniture ending in the rather severe style of Queen Anne, and you would be quite sure first, that mahogany was the only wood for people of taste, and second, that it was high time that

reasonably well in the photograph—and even emphasizes these markings on the two doors by oval medallions carved in relief with wave ornament and foliage. All this you would undoubtedly welcome as setting a standard which succeeding generations would try vainly to emulate. You would also be particularly delighted with what to modern eyes is the most *démodé* of all this style of decoration—the children's heads in high relief—for you were brought up on the classics, and what more reminiscent of ancient Greece than these

design had reached its apogee. You would be correct in your first assumption; if you lived another twenty years or so you would discover that your second was short-sighted—that other styles, less monumental but no less agreeable provided equal opportunities for consummate craftsmanship, and gave equal pleasure.

Still playing about with this idea I looked around again. Could I find something—or some things—which would provide as obvious a contrast as possible to this classic piece? There they were in front of my nose, and in the same sale at Christie's (March 27 of this year). Fig. 2 was made to perform the same duty as Fig. 3—a side-table combined with ample storage space—and in its elegant French way has no less a classic ancestry—rosette medallions, ormolu laurel-wreath handles, mask and foliage on apron plaque and toes, the angles with corbels, cast and chased with pendant foliage and fluting—all delightful details. But here is a lively pattern, the panels of both front and sides inlaid with a cube design on a kingwood ground, the canted angles with stained green-wood bands. (Kingwood—an early eighteenth-century importation from South America, very like rosewood. The name is said to have been given to it as a compliment to Louis XV. It is a favourite material for French furniture during that and the succeeding reign.) One small point: note how the very slight curve of the legs gives a feeling of lightness to the solid mass of the main structure.

With Fig. 1 we are looking at something of which my austere young people might approve as coming nearer to their notions of elementary geometry, though whether they would find the gay curves of the marquetry distracting I don't know. It is a *secrétaire*, and the upper part of the front falls forward to form the writing-table and encloses shelves and drawers, while the two doors in the lower part conceal a cupboard. As in the more elaborate piece of Fig. 2 the angles are canted. The marquetry design is, above, of a musical trophy suspended from a ribbon tie, below of a bouquet of flowers. These are on a ground of kingwood within borders of mahogany.

The point I want to make is that, within the range of a single generation—for there is probably not more than some thirty or forty years between these three pieces—a single individual had ample opportunity for changing his mind, and he will be a bold and an intolerant man who will convince himself that one or other of these very different styles is better than the other two. Each is a fine piece, and an interesting one, and each represents the ideals of its particular decade. They have this in common—really first-class craftsmanship allied to a precise sense of form, and it is this discipline of hand and brain



FIG. 1. "PLAIN GEOMETRY, SMOOTH SURFACE AND MARQUETRY DECORATION": A LOUIS XVI. *secrétaire*.

"... we are looking at something of which my austere young people might approve as coming nearer to their notions of elementary geometry, though whether they would find the gay curves of the marquetry distracting I don't know." The upper part of the front of the piece falls forward to form the writing-table.



FIG. 2. WITH ORMOU DECORATIONS ON A KINGWOOD GROUND: A LOUIS XVI. COMMUNE, DESIGNED TO FULFIL THE SAME PURPOSE AS THE ENGLISH PIECE OF FIG. 3, BUT SOME THIRTY YEARS LATER. The panels of this elegant side-table are inlaid with a cube design on a kingwood ground, the canted angles with stained green-wood bands. The very slight curve of the legs gives a feeling of lightness to the solid mass of the main structure.



FIG. 3. BY WILLIAM VILE, PROBABLY C. 1740: A GEORGE II. MAHOGANY COMMUNE, WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY REPRESENTED THE LAST WORD IN ELEGANCE TO THAT GENERATION.

"Here is a piece which seems to echo all kinds of Renaissance ideas and yet clothes them in a classical form which pays due reverence to the markings on the wood."

Illustrations on this page by courtesy of Christie's.

all this plain Queen Anne stuff was relegated to the attic. You were sick to death of severity, and you could not possibly guess at later eighteenth-century developments. But here is a piece which seems to echo all kinds of Renaissance ideas and yet clothes them in a classical form which pays due reverence to the markings on the wood—this comes out

carvings with their acanthus leaves? Moreover, how much more elegant are these than the wild men and bearded heads which our benighted Elizabethan ancestors hacked out of oak and stuck on to beds and mantels and heavy cupboards!

Thus you would go about convinced that you were the fortunate heir of all the ages and that furniture

which excites our admiration even though our own fancies or prejudices make us prefer one rather than the other two. By the stark and rather dreary standards of the modern world they may appear luxurious and extravagant, but our standards will be as ephemeral as any others; what will last is good workmanship and a disciplined mind.



SEEN FROM A CANBERRA: THE NEW 4½-MILE-LONG BRIDGE OVER CHESAPEAKE BAY, WHICH WAS OPENED ON JULY 30. LINKING MARYLAND'S EASTERN AND WESTERN SHORES, THE NEW BRIDGE IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE MAJOR EASTERN U.S. HIGHWAY SYSTEM.

The new bridge over Chesapeake Bay was opened to traffic on July 30. It can be seen in our photograph with an English Electric built *Canberra* twin-jet light bomber, in its recently acquired U.S. Air Force markings, flying over it. The Bay Bridge, which cost 45,000,000 dollars, replaces the ferry service and links the eastern and western shores of Maryland for the first time. With the approaches

the bridge is said to be 4½ miles long. (The longest bridge in the world, over the Lower Zambesi, Africa, spans just over 2 miles of waterway.) The *Canberra* is undergoing an advanced test programme at Baltimore, where the Glenn L. Martin Company is building an undisclosed number of a night-intruder version of these British aircraft for the U.S.A.F.

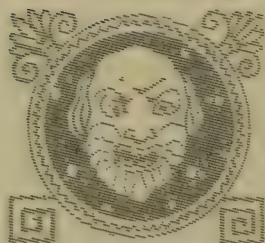


COMPLETING THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING EVER MADE BY ROTARY-WING AIRCRAFT: TWO U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE SIKORSKY H-19 HELICOPTERS FLYING INTO PRESTWICK ON JULY 31. THEY HAD FLOWN MORE THAN 4000 MILES FROM THEIR BASE IN WESTOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Two U.S. Army Air Force Sikorsky H-19 helicopters landed at Prestwick Airport on July 31, completing the first helicopter crossing of the Atlantic. They had flown more than 4000 miles from their base in Westover, Massachusetts, in 42 hrs. 25 mins. flying time. Accompanied by two escort aircraft, the helicopters crossed in five "hops." Their route was by way of Presque Island, Maine; Goose

Bay, Labrador; Narsarsuok, in Greenland; and Keflavik, Iceland, to Prestwick. The helicopters were on their way to Germany to be delivered to the U.S.A.F. The flight was made primarily to ascertain whether it would be economical to fly helicopters to the U.K. and Germany rather than to send them by ship.

U.S. ACHIEVEMENTS: THE CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE; AND THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC HELICOPTER CROSSING.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SURPASSING SOUND

By ALAN DENT.

AN up-to-the-minute Herman Melville might have made a great novel out of the dominant notion behind "The Sound Barrier." Blessed with the same notion, David Lean, the director and producer, and Terence Rattigan, the script-writer, have knocked their heads together and created a rattling good film.

Some of my colleagues, understandably over-excited by the arrival of a film which is both intelligent and sensational, have misrepresented the opening impact of "The Sound Barrier." They have said that it begins with the scream of a jet-plane flying at its maximum speed. It does nothing of the sort. It begins with the melancholy isolation of an anti-aircraft outpost near the white cliffs of Dover some ten years ago, with the meek complaints of seagulls, and with the noise of a mouth-organ rendering "Annie Laurie." Into this quiet but expectant atmosphere bursts the roar of a 'plane, one of the first jet-planes. The pilot of this has achieved something which is very nearly the speed of sound. He comes up against a strange and terrifying barrier, a tangible opposition which seems to him like a sheet of solid water after all the immensities of air. What can this be? It is the indefinable unknown which gives its name to the film.

What is it? Melville would have embarked upon a wonderful chapter showing how Nature may suddenly resent mankind's impetuous scientific advances and annihilate him with a weapon beyond his knowledge. But Messrs. Lean and Rattigan, doubtless with a sensible eye on the box-office, do not care to probe so deeply. They give us all the metaphysic we can possibly be expected to swallow in the character of an aircraft manufacturer, one Sir John, who sets out to win the race with sound, and wins it. Sir John has a son called Chris (Denholm Elliott), and this son perishes on his first solo flight. He also has a daughter called Sue

jet-planes, to move to some quieter neighbourhood in order to have her baby? She is very, very rich. But even so, if she absolutely must go shopping in a smock, cannot it be in some little town less liable to be jet-plane-ridden? Miss Todd's clear-cut charm obliges us to murmur No to all these awkward questions. There are further good performances, too, from



"DAVID LEAN, THE DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER, AND TERENCE RATTIGAN, THE SCRIPT-WRITER, HAVE KNOCKED THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AND CREATED A RATTLING GOOD FILM": "THE SOUND BARRIER" (LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM, SHOWING TONY (NIGEL PATRICK) TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO HIS WIFE SUSAN (ANN TODD) THAT HE MUST GO ON WITH THE ATTEMPT TO FLY THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER.

its triumphant touches of sheer imagination—is Sir Ralph Richardson's quietly consummate portrait of Sir John, the magnate who pretends to have no heart. The mind will revert lovingly to this performance long after the film itself has begun to seem old-fashioned—even when Man, Proud Man, has far surpassed the speed of sound and is beginning to hope to envy the speed of light. He is so serene even in his obstinacy. Astronomy is this man's hobby, just as the jet-plane is his life-work. Sir Ralph makes the man deeply impressive in both pastime and preoccupation. In one scene he lets his Test Pilot have a peep through his telescope at the Great Nebula in Andromeda. Tony is obviously about to dismiss Andromeda as "a piece of cake," when Sir John silences him with a portentous statement about the stars holding the future as well as the past in their immeasurable silence (or words to that effect). Tony has obviously not the least notion of what Sir John is talking about here. Neither have I, and neither—I am willing to bet—has Mr. Rattigan. But it is the virtue of Sir Ralph's performance that he makes you absolutely certain that Sir John does!

His eyes, his poise, his gestures, his vocal inflections are those of a man—North Country born—who has greatness about him and who is utterly single-minded. The performance has subtleties and implications far beyond and far deeper than the words in which it is couched. Harshness and gentleness in him are most delicately balanced. Sometimes the balance wavers—as when he remarks to his reproachful daughter that their ways of feeling grief are totally different. But the balance readjusts itself in the flicker of an eyelid, such is the actor's uncanny control.

In its soaring and withal quiet assurance, in the way in which it towers far above the film itself, this performance is remarkably like that of



"A FILM WHICH IS BOTH INTELLIGENT AND SENSATIONAL": "THE SOUND BARRIER," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH WINDY WILLIAMS (JACK ALLEN) JOKES WITH PHILIP FEEL (JOHN JUSTIN—RIGHT), WHO HAS JUST ACHIEVED THE HITHERTO IMPOSSIBLE, AND FLOWN THE JET PROTOTYPE *Prometheus* THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER. HIS PREDECESSOR AS TEST PILOT NO. 1 WAS KILLED WHILE MAKING THE ATTEMPT.

(Ann Todd), who marries a young man called Tony (Nigel Patrick), who becomes Sir John's Test Pilot No. 1. Sue respects her father but does not love him, because she knows he would have preferred a son in her place.

Tony has the offhandedness which we are asked to believe is the most winning attribute of the successful airman. He is unconquerably unsentimental. "Clot" is his favourite term of endearment or abuse. And nothing is beyond his attainment; every obstacle, in fact, is "a piece of cake," and death itself is hailed with the words, "This is it!" Mr. Patrick fulfils the character to the life and has never given a better acting performance in his career. Sue, too, is admirably fulfilled by Miss Todd. We may possibly find the young woman more than a shade unreasonable. She has been brought up in the conviction that her father is a pure scientist who will stop at nothing—most certainly not at the sacrifice of a son-in-law—to achieve his imaginative ambition. Cannot she therefore learn a little resignation? And does it not occur to her, since she hates and fears the sinister scream of the

John Justin as the Test Pilot who succeeds Tony and finishes neck-to-neck with Sound, and from Joseph Tomelty as an aircraft designer with white hair and a strong dash of the Irish poet about him.

But all the performances so far mentioned are incidental. Better than any other contributor—better even than Mr. Rattigan's script, with its strong good sense and its countless felicities—better even than Mr. Lean's direction, with its brilliant dynamics and



"THE MIND WILL REVERT LOVINGLY TO THIS [SIR RALPH RICHARDSON'S] PERFORMANCE LONG AFTER THE FILM ITSELF HAS BEGUN TO SEEM OLD-FASHIONED": SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, AS SIR JOHN RIDGEFIELD IN "THE SOUND BARRIER," LISTENS WITH HIS DAUGHTER (ANN TODD) TO A MINUTE-BY-MINUTE RADIO REPORT AS HIS TEST PILOT ATTEMPTS TO FLY THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER.

a totally different character, the character of the gone-to-seed George as established by Sir Laurence Olivier in "Carrie." These two born screen-actors, in fact, carry all before them this season and are currently to be seen giving the best two performances in any film—whether British, American, French, Italian, Indian or Guatemalan! With the passing years each fine actor has acquired that which Kent most noticed in King Lear—the quality of authority. I was reminded the other day when the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square reopened its doors, that I first set eyes on them both at that theatre within the same play. It was in the spring of 1928 that Sir Barry Jackson brought to the Court his Birmingham production of Lord Tennyson's "Harold," a kind of cross-gartered Saxon drama in very blank verse. The evening was notable only for the assertive promise of the two very young actors who played Harold and Gurth. I can clearly recall peering into my programme on that first night 24 years ago to discover that they were called Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson.

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ITEMS FROM NEAR AND FAR: INVENTIONS, CEREMONIES, AND A "BATTLE."



PUERTO RICO CELEBRATES HER NEW CONSTITUTION: A VIEW OF THE FLAG-RAISING CEREMONY AT EL MORRO FORTRESS ON JULY 25.

On July 25, Puerto Rico celebrated the coming into force of a new constitution. Under this the island (ceded by Spain to the U.S. in 1898) assumes the status of a self-governing free commonwealth closely associated with the U.S., its domestic affairs controlled by its own choice of officials.



ONE OF THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS FLOATS IN JERSEY, WHICH WAS RECENTLY VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER: A GUIDED MISSILE IN FLOWERS.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester stayed in the Channel Islands from July 26-30, and visited Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney. Our photograph of one of the floats in the Jersey battle of flowers and floral pageant illustrates one of the ingenious tableaux of this picturesque display.



A NEW ANTI-RIOT WEAPON IN WEST GERMANY: POLICE TESTING EQUIPMENT WHICH SPRAYS A "STINKING FOAM" WHICH HAS MUCH THE SAME EFFECT AS TEAR-GAS ON ITS VICTIMS.

West German anti-riot squads already well-equipped with powerful "water cannons" to break up gatherings now have a new and more effective weapon. It consists of a liquid, known as "stinking foam," which can be thrown some 50 yards and, apart from its smell, makes the eyes run and chokes the mouth and nose.



OPERATING A CURIOUS DEVICE WHICH HAS BEEN DUBBED A "CORONOMETER": OFFICIALS MEASURING, MAPPING AND TIMING THE CORONATION PROCESSION ROUTE, EARLY ON THE MORNING OF JULY 29.

In the early hours of July 29—about 5.30 a.m.—War Office officials drove along the Coronation Processional route in an Army truck to which a couple of rubber-tyred wheels and a pole were attached, in order exactly to measure, time, and map the route. The device they used has been named a "Coronometer."



DEMONSTRATING HOW IT CAN BE DRIVEN OVER ROUGH TERRAIN: THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW AMPHIBIOUS CARGO-CARRIER, THE OTTER, MOVING ACROSS SANDHILLS.

The United States Army, which already has a very wide range of vehicles suitable for amphibious operations, has recently been testing a new amphibious cargo-carrier, known as the Otter, which has a very



CRUISING AT EIGHT MILES AN HOUR: THE U.S. AMPHIBIOUS CARGO-CARRIER OPERATING IN THE WATER—IT HAS HANDLE-BAR STEERING.

good performance over rough ground and in the water can cruise at 8 m.p.h. The cargo is fully protected and the vehicle has exceptionally easy steering on land and in water.

MAGIC AND MEDICINE: AN UNUSUAL LONDON THE MEDICINE-MEN OF THE ABORIGINAL

A MOST interesting and unusual exhibition illustrating the medicine of the aboriginal peoples in the British Commonwealth was opened on July 18 by Lord Webb-Johnson at the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, 28, Portman Square, W. The selection emphasises the fundamental distinction between the basic conception of "disease" as understood in Western Medicine—at least from the time of the Renaissance—and by primitive peoples, who seldom attribute it to natural causes; they think it is fundamentally caused by the action of some external agent, either

(Continued opposite.)

USED IN CASES OF HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, OR OTHER HEAD-ALGIA: MINIATURE BOWS AND ARROWS FOR VENESECTION. THE OPERATOR USES THE ARROWS TO INFLECT WOUNDS ON THE PATIENT'S FOREHEAD.



EFFIGY-HABITATIONS FOR SPIRITS OF DISEASE: WHEN A PERSON FALLS ILL THE DOCTOR-PRIEST HAS THE APPROPRIATE DAKA, OR FIGURE, MADE AND BY RITUAL INCANTATIONS INDUCES THE MALVOLENT SPIRIT TO ENTER THE IMAGE AND LATER RETURN TO ITS HOME.



A MEDICINE-MAN (AZA JOKA) WITH HIS OUTFIT: A LIFESIZE WHOLE-LENGTH SCULPTURED FIGURE, BASED ON PHOTOGRAPHS. THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT WAS FORMERLY IN ACTUAL USE BY AN IDONG MEDICINE-MAN.



USED FOR LANCING ABSCESSES, BLOOD-LETTING AND FOR INCISING HYDROCELES: A COLLECTION OF LANCETS FROM AUSTRALIA, THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS AND FIJI. THE WOODEN Mallet (CENTRE) IS USED FOR TAPPING THE LANCET WHEN MAKING INCISIONS. THE LANCETS INCLUDE A MOUNTED KANGAROO TOOTH AND MOUNTED SHARK'S TEETH.



(ABOVE) USED FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILD: (LEFT) A YOKER STICK FROM VICTORIA AUSTRALIA WHICH A WOMAN MUST KEEP UNTIL HER CHILD CAN WALK; (CENTRE) A HAINA PLATE PLAYED BY THE FATHER DURING A DIFFICULT CHILDREN; (RIGHT) A ROLL REPRESENTING THE AFRICAN IDEA OF BEAUTY CARRIED BY FREQUENT WORKS, THOSE WHO DESIRE CHILDREN AND LITTLE GIRLS WHO WANT TO BECOME ATTRACTIVE.

(Continued.) soul is variously supposed to reside in the kidney-fat, the fat of the omentum, in the heart, the liver, or the gall-bladder. If by magical means the patient has lost the relevant organ, he has lost his soul. Tangible proof of the existence of this theory is provided by the various instruments which are used in bringing the soul back to the body. A carved "soul-catcher" used by the Haida Indians of British Columbia is shown on this page. The medicine-man may have to wander far before he comes on the lost soul, but once it is enclosed in the hollow tube it is so easy—and probably expensive—matter for him

(Continued opposite.)



(TOP) A SPIRIT-SCARING EFFIGY (AKARAC) FROM THE NICOBAR ISLANDS: A NUDE MALE FIGURE IN THREATENING POSTURE; THE RIGHT HAND PROBABLY HELD A SPEAR.

EXHIBITION WHICH REVEALS THE SECRETS OF PEOPLES IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.



SURGICAL KNIVES: (LEFT) A SHARPENED TURTLE-BONE FROM SAMOA AND A STING-RAY SPINE FROM HAWAII. (CENTRE) A BOTTLE-GLASS BLADE FROM AUSTRALIA, OBSIDIAN BLADE FROM JAWA, AND A SHELL WITH SHARPENED EDGES, USED FOR SCALPING, FROM NEW GUINEA. (RIGHT) A GRIT BLADE USED FOR CIRCUMCISION, FROM AUSTRALIA, AND AN OBSIDIAN BLADE FROM THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS.



A SPIRIT-SCARING EFFIGY (AKARAC) FROM THE NICOBAR ISLANDS: A NUDE MALE FIGURE IN THREATENING POSTURE; THE RIGHT HAND PROBABLY HELD A SPEAR.

(Continued.) a god, a spirit, or an enemy, who has worked evil by magic or other means. There is probably nothing in existence that is comparable to the Wellcome Collection, and this selection is designed to illustrate these primitive beliefs and practices. The loss of the soul is a grievous matter and often supposed to be the cause of the disease from which the patient is suffering. The

(Continued below, left.)



(RIGHT) POINTING-STICKS: AUSTRALIAN NATIVES THINK THE DEATH OF AN INDIVIDUAL IS THE RESULT OF ANOTHER HAVING POINTED A "POINTING-STICK" OR "POINTING-ROD" IN HIS DIRECTION. (SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.)



SHOWING THE USE OF THE UNGAKURA POINTING APPARATUS: A PLASTER GROUP BY JANE JACKSON. ARUNTA TRIBE, CENTRAL AUSTRALIA. (SEE ALSO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF POINTING-STICKS ABOVE.)

(Continued.) to return it to the patient. Treatment of illness may be divided into rational and non-rational—i.e. magical—methods respectively. Rational treatment depends upon empiricism. Many of the remedies used are what we would describe as domestic remedies, and in some tribes many of them are known only to the women. Highly prized remedies are kept close secrets and are passed down from father to son. Magical methods of treatment are for more stubborn diseases. This comprehensive exhibition includes many other items associated with medicine which are in themselves works of art.



MODELS ILLUSTRATING PRIMITIVE METHODS OF MASSAGE PRACTISED BY THE INHABITANTS OF THE ELLICE ISLANDS: FOUR OF A GROUP OF FOURTEEN MODELS BY MISS JANE JACKSON. THE MODEL (LOWER LEFT) SHOWS PAINFUL-LOOKING TREATMENT FOR A SWELLING IN THE LUMBAR REGION.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is depressing to become estranged from an admired writer, whose new book is a little different. At such times one would gladly cheat, deny the loss of contact—or if sincerity prevails, regard it as one's own fault. For, after all, one may be wrong. It may be that "The Island of Desire," by Edith Templeton (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), marks an advance in the career of an enchanting novelist. And my regrets and questionings may be thick-headed.

There is no change of milieu; we are still in Prague, in the forgotten odour of "society." And once again the heroine is a "young girl": which is to say, a *jeune fille* on the Continental pattern, perfectly brought up. In Mrs. Kalny's world there are two gods, two absolutes, two ruling forces: snobbery and sex. And with Franciska it will be the same. She is her mother's child all through, and in the social sphere a prompt, uncavilling initiate. She knows exactly what is done; whatever is not done is "frightful," and the *canaille* who do it are a lower race. So far so good. But she has yet to recognise the other, the dynamic power. Partly she is too young—partly, her mother sets up a resistance. As all the swains are hers, as it is plainly hopeless to compete with her, the schoolgirl's refuge is to disapprove. At least, she takes her feeling to be disapproval.

This is the record of her self-discovery, her "embarkation for Cythera." It makes a lamentable start. An old admirer of her mother's has become attentive; he is the very first, and though Franciska is intuitively conscious of a false note, instinct and inexperience confound her. She is induced to play his game, and finds, to her unspeakable distress, that it was not a love-game. He has used her as a cat's-paw—got her expelled from school, black-listed by society, condemned to exile, all in cold blood. Her best hope now is a foreign husband. And one presents himself in Paris, in a Mr. Parker—handsome, well off, and irreproachable to the untutored eye. It is no drawback to Franciska that she doesn't love him. She has been taught that all good matches are equivalent; and Johnny Parker seems a good match. Only, he is the most deplorable of mates. And when Franciska sees him with his parents, in his native land, it also bursts on her that he is "frightful." But that again proves a red herring; all his defects, her miseries, her growing disorders are put down to "frightfulness." And what she really wanted is revealed by chance, during a brief encounter on a train.

This writer may be called the Ariel of fiction—a fitting, delicate, astringent, Continental Ariel. And Ariel, you will remember, had no heart; at most he would feel sympathy, if he were human. Here one meets just the same effect—and not, of course, for the first time. But until now the heartlessness has been so gay and airborne, so suffused with wit, that one could hardly isolate it as a flaw. This time the note is graver, and the wit more sparse. Yet, after all, the flavour is unique and choice.

"Echo Answers," by Barbara Willard (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), has clogged itself with a bad name—a name which has some point, but no appeal. And it deserved a more attractive launching. Ever since Tim was shot down in the war, Sarah, who loved him, has been foot-loose—drifting from job to job, from one flirtation to the next, seeking the past in vain. And so the job with Arnold Chater sounds the very thing. A famous or deplorable best-seller, a delightful household—and a half-year limit! Within that time his secretary should be well and back. And meanwhile Piper's Folly will be Sarah's oyster.

Indeed, it proves more succulent than she expected. First, there is the Great Man—really a little man, authoritative and flamboyant, with a tiny doubt and an enormous appetite for reassurance. Elsa is just the charming wife, but Elsa's mother is a queen—an ex-queen of the theatre, with all its airs. There are two children, Rosalind and Barney, and it is Barney who provokes the crises. He has decided to write plays; in fact, he has already written one. Arnold can't bring himself to read it, for it might be good. Therefore, instead, he palms it off on the new inmate, and disturbs the echo. Barney is just Tim's age when he was killed; his work is gripping and sincere, and while its fate is in the balance he will need loving-kindness. Then he will turn to someone else. . . . Sarah has no illusions about that; she can foresee the end, but such involvements are her way of living. Even the Great Man has an eye to her—but he is none the worse. No one at Piper's Folly is the worse. There is a lively and sustaining plot, worked out with humour and dexterity. And there is always the Great Man. His airs, his mental agonies, his race with Barney—these are the prime achievement.

"The Foolish Marriage," by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), is an eighteenth-century romance, with quite a dash of realism. Anne is the plainest of the Loriners, and has £3000, of which Papa enjoys the interest. So she is left implacably without a husband. That is the cue for Richard Broad, a comely enterprising footman, who secures the place. Anne's disillusionment is prompt, but still she labours to adapt herself; indeed, she has to, for the Loriners have done with her. Meanwhile that gay young blade, her cousin Vere, along a different course, reaches an even worse predicament. His life has been too spoilt and active, and has led to Newgate. And to be brief, the pair begin again in the New World. . . . But not together; it is not that kind of book. Vere, like Cheapside, is drawn quite plausibly from nature. And though the ending is strained, it stops short of the beatific.

"The Echoing Strangers," by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), makes an incomparable start, with Mrs. Bradley's visit to an old school chum at Wetwode, Norfolk, in time to see a handsome youth (who turns out to be deaf and dumb) pushing his spinster guardian into the river. The spinster is unharmed, and unperturbed. The youth is Francis Caux: an elder twin, it seems, but a perpetual outcast. And he has something on his mind—in fact, a corpse under a boat-keel. That is Strand One. Then comes another first-rate start at Mede, in Hampshire, with an outrageous Cricket Week, another twin, and rapidly another corpse. This writer's stuff is always rich, fantastical and tuppence-coloured; here she excels herself all round.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHAT might have been is often far more interesting than what actually occurred—in chess as in life. A good player often has to reject the brilliant in favour of the more efficient. In doing so, he will often create opportunities for even greater brilliancy. A pointed example of this occurred in the following position, which arose during a recent game in Berlin.



White (Richter) played the lovely 18. R×P, after which, 18. . . . Q×R allows mate on the move, whilst 18. . . . Q×Q loses a piece, because White can preface recapturing the queen by 19. B-Kt5ch forcing 19. . . . B-Q2 (or 19. . . . K-B1; 20. R-Q8 mate); 20. B×Bch, K moves, etc.

So Black contented himself with 18. . . . Q-B2. Now White saw that he could pile a second brilliancy on to the first by continuing 19. R-Q7! (19. . . . B×R; 20. Q×KP mate; or 19. . . . K×R; 20. Q×KPch, K-B3; 21. B-Kt5ch, K-Kt3; 22. B-K3ch, K×B; 23. Q×Q). Unfortunately there is a third continuation, 19. . . . Q×R; 20. B-Kt5—still quite sound; White gains the queen for rook and bishop; but after 20. . . . P-B3; 21. B×Qch, B×B Black might put up a lengthy resistance.

So White rightly rejected the "brilliancy" in favour of the quieter line: 19. B-Kt5ch. After 19. . . . K-B1, to his delight, he discovered another opportunity for prettiness: 20. Q-B5! and the game ended 20. . . . Q-R4 (why not 20. . . . Q×Q?—surely you can see!); 21. B-R4! B×Pch; 22. K×B, Q×B; 23. R-Q8ch, K-Kt2; 24. Q-K5ch, Blk. resigns.

From a game of "might have been" to one so short that "might have been" never had a chance. Played at Pasadena in 1932, this gem can well bear another opening of its casket:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
<i>Fink.</i>	<i>Alekhine.</i>	<i>Fink.</i>	<i>Alekhine.</i>
1. P-K4	P-K4	8. P-Q4	B-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	9. Q×BPch	B-Q2
3. P-B3	P-Q4	10. Q-R6	Castles
4. Q-R4	Kt-B3	11. B-K2	R-K1
5. Kt×P	B-Q3	12. Kt-Q2*	R-Kt1
6. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	13. P-QR4	Q-K7
7. P-K5?	B×P	14. Kt-B1	B-Kt4!

White resigns—if 15. P×B, of course, 15. . . . Q×B mate.

* Castles was essential.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE EUROPEAN HERITAGE.

THE reappearance at a time like this of "A History of Europe," by that great liberal scholar, the late H. A. L. Fisher (two volumes: Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s. each), is most welcome. For never was there a time when it was more necessary for Europeans to re-examine their heritage, take stock of their position and re-learn from history that causes have their inevitable effects. Fisher's book runs up to 1937, and thus covers the emergence of Hitler as a threatening world power, the Spanish Civil War and the abdication of King Edward VIII. Between what he calls the "rough and rugged frontiers" which lie between Neolithic man and Adolf Hitler there are, as he says, to be found "some prospects flattering to human pride which it is a pleasure to recall to memory, the life-giving inrush of the Aryan peoples, the flowering of Greek genius, the

long Roman peace, the cleansing tide of Christian ethics, the slow reconquest of classical learning after the barbaric invasions, the discovery through oceanic travel of the new world, the rationalism of the eighteenth, and the philanthropy and science of the nineteenth centuries." At the end of it all, however, Fisher, who was born in an age, and whose early life was moulded in a happy world of political thought which assumed that the nineteenth-century fallacy of inevitable progress was but inescapable truth, finds himself a disillusioned man. For Fisher, at the end of his life, there was the discovery that in history there was no plot, rhythm or pre-determined pattern. "I can see only one emergency following upon another as wave follows upon wave, only one great fact with respect to which, since it is unique, there can be no generalisations, only one safe rule for the historian: that he should recognise in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen." Almost pathetically he admits that "progress is not a law of nature. The ground gained by one generation may be lost by the next. The thoughts of men may flow into the channels which lead to disaster and barbarism." For that reason I think it is not a mere accident or the difficulty of appraising a picture from too close proximity which shows Dr. Fisher as far more at home in the earlier period of this great history than in that which carries us to the threshold of the disastrous events of our disastrous times. His vision remains clear enough, however, so that he can write (in 1937) "The Russian and German dictators, nominally poles apart, are nearer to one another than they affect to believe." But it is in the earlier period that Fisher is at his most happy. I know, for instance, of no description of the Roman Empire, and of the confused and confusing period which followed its collapse in the West, better than his. And if the style in which this part of the book is written sometimes reminds one of an earlier master, who will complain of this unconscious plagiarism? For an imperial people in decline, such as we must, alas! admit ourselves to be, the long section devoted to the Roman Empire and its downfall makes gloomy and warning reading. A loss of faith in themselves and in their mission, as compared with the Romans who had created the Empire, finds its parallel with us to-day. A general lowering of standards, a decline in the morale of all classes, the steady fall in the value of money, the buying-off of an urban proletariat with bread and circuses, the growth of a huge bureaucracy stifling individual enterprise under the taxes necessary for its upkeep and the State under the inertia of its vastness—these were the causes of the collapse of the great Empire of Rome. Fisher writes this of the later Roman Empire, "The pressure of the State upon the individual increased in a steadily diminishing temperature of political obedience. The spirit of evasion, of reluctance to pay the taxes in blood, in money, and in commodities which the State demanded spread through all classes." That was written in 1937 about Rome of the fourth century. It could as aptly be written in 1952 of Britain in the latter half of the century. Fisher's canvas is a vast one. It is only to be expected that he should split it into two. The first volume covers the period from the Neolithic man to the war of the Spanish Succession and ends in 1713. The second carries us to the present day. I can imagine few books more excellently suited to form and inform the mind of any young person who wishes to lay claim to being properly educated.

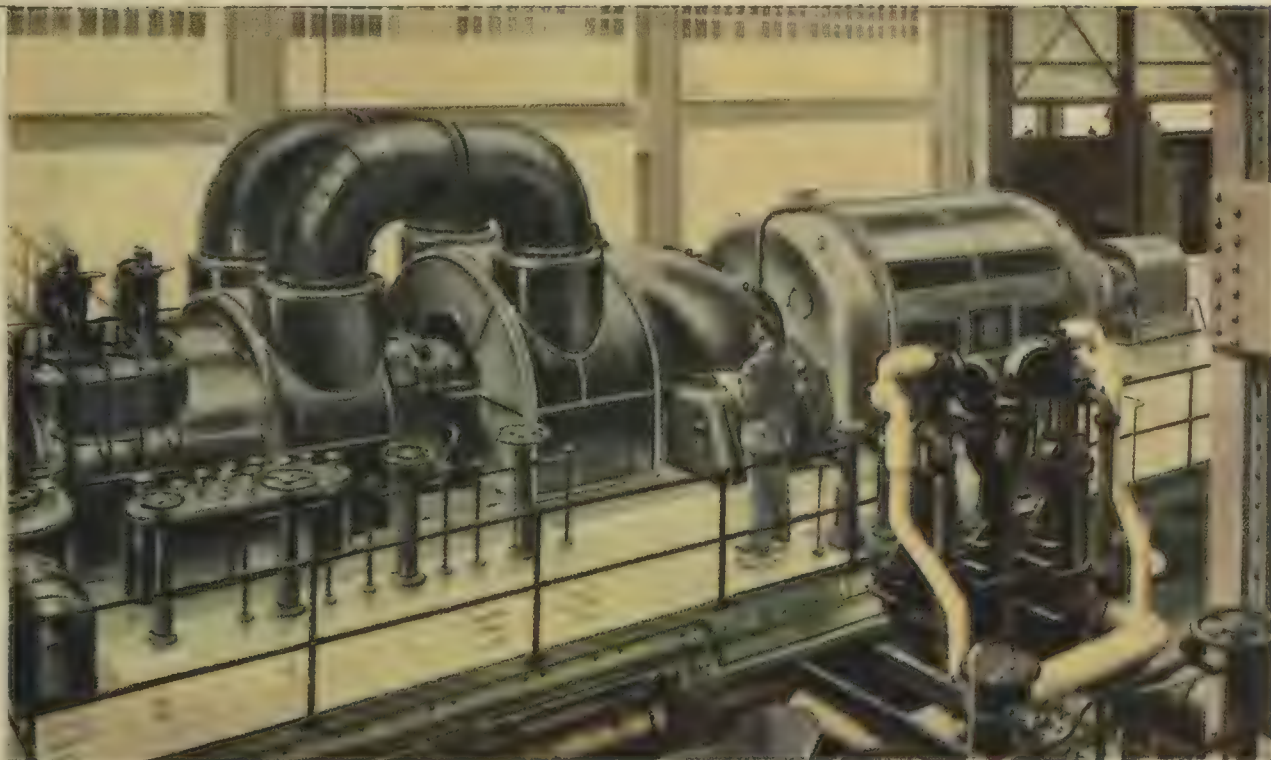
When Pepys in 1665 went to dine with George Waterman, Sheriff of London, he noted "very good cheer we had, and merry music at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jig; but when the company began to dance, I come away, lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune." Pepys was thus voicing the *cri de cœur* of the poor dancer throughout the ages. He did, it is true, take lessons, but he had the additional disadvantage, unknown in our present day, of the fact that in the seventeenth century a knowledge of music (which he had) and dancing was an integral part of any gentleman's education. The importance of dancing and deportment was due to the spread of French manners and culture brought back to England by Charles II. from his exile. A charming book which has just appeared is "Apologie de la Danse," by F. De Lauze (Frederick Muller; 45s.). This standard work on dancing as it was

understood in the seventeenth century, has been translated by Joan Wildeblood who, however, gives the original and delightful seventeenth-century French with the English translation. The mysteries of the *Courante* and the *Bransle* are here exposed to us, and I must confess to have made some surreptitious attempts, with the aid of this book, to emulate the methods of our seventeenth-century ancestors. I have not, however, attempted the Capriole because, as de Lauze points out, "to Capriole, or to dance high, is an action very violent, hard and troublesome to acquire"—and beyond, I think, the powers of a middle-aged reviewer! I find I have left myself very little space to deal with Mr. Graham Reynolds's notable book in the library of English Art Series, "English Portrait Miniatures" (Black; 21s.). Mr. Reynolds is in charge of the National Collection of Miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is, I believe, the leading authority on the subject in this country. As a result, his book is as full and as scholarly as it is satisfying and excellently illustrated.

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THE DISCOVERY OF A "MONA LISA" OF 2600 YEARS AGO

AN ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A SENSATIONAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL FIND.

IN our next two issues—those of August 16 and 23—we are privileged to publish and to illustrate in colour and monochrome a group of archaeological discoveries of sensational interest, not only to the archaeologist and the amateur of antiquity, but to every lover of beauty, romance and the curiosities of human history. Our last two summers have been marked by the publication of four articles by Professor M. E. L. Mallowan (July 22 and 29, 1950, and July 28 and August 4, 1951), on successive expeditions of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, to Nimrud, the site of ancient Calah, the great and rich military capital where King Assur-nasir-pal II. of Assyria accumulated the treasures his arms had won. The discoveries made in these expeditions were indeed remarkable, but they have been far exceeded by the discoveries of the season just concluded. From a well in Assur-nasir-pal's palace, where they have lain undisturbed for 2600 years in a fine sludge like china-clay (which has had a miraculously preservative effect on them) have been discovered four of the largest and finest ivory carvings ever known from the ancient Near East. One of these is a large polychrome ivory head of such strange and cryptic beauty that it seems a "Mona Lisa of 2600 years ago"; and this wonderful piece must undoubtedly take the first place, both for its beauty and as the largest and finest ever found in the ancient Near East.

It is, however, strongly challenged by two other identical pieces, which seem to come from the hand of the same master artist in ivory. These pieces are brilliantly and intricately carved plaques, so deep as to be in almost full



DIRECTOR OF THE EXPEDITIONS TO NIMRUD WHICH HAVE RESULTED IN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST: PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN, M.A., D.LIT., F.S.A.

Professor M. E. L. Mallowan, Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology, University of London, since 1947, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, 1947-52, has long been a valued contributor to *The Illustrated London News*. The expedition to Nimrud in the season just concluded led to such fruitful results that it forms the subject of two articles, very fully illustrated in colour and monochrome, dealing with the treasures, ivories and sculptures, which will appear in our issues dated August 16 and August 23.

the other, which is in very nearly as perfect preservation, is in London, has been cleaned by the skilled hand of Dr. Plenderleith, of the British Museum Laboratory, and has been photographed in colour to make a plate which we are reproducing next week and in which this exquisite work of art is represented in its full beauty.

In addition to this colour plate, we are devoting a number of pages in monochrome to the worthy representation of this most important discovery; which includes besides, a number of ivories of the first importance and of great human interest—among them a series of portraits of what we can consider the Court ladies whose beauties graced the palaces of Assur-nasir-pal.

Further excavations on another site have also brought to light a great frieze of statuary in the grand manner—figures of the tributaries and captives paying homage to Assur-nasir-pal. This frieze was briefly seen by Layard 100 years ago but covered up again. It has never before been photographed; and it has an additional interest since there is a project forward to re-erect this great frieze and to re-create some of the splendours of the Assyrian kings on the site of their military capital.

The expedition has been under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and has been directed

throughout by Professor Mallowan. It has been supported by the Metropolitan Museum of New York and has received generous grants from the Gert-rude Bell Memorial Fund, the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, the Griffith Institute, Cambridge University, the City Museum and Art Gallery of Birmingham and the Australian Institute of Archaeology, Melbourne. It has also had considerable help from Dr. Naji el Asil, the Director-General of the Iraq Antiquities Department and his staff.



A VIEW OF NIMRUD TODAY, WHICH EVEN YET GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE AND SPLENDOR OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S CAPITAL: THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT, WITH SOME OF THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS.



WHERE THE "MONA LISA" HEAD—THE FINEST AND LARGEST IVORY CARVING EVER FOUND IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST—WAS DISCOVERED, TOGETHER WITH OTHER PRICELESS IVORY WORKS OF ART: THE WELL OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II. IN THE NORTH-WEST PALACE AT NIMRUD, THE ANCIENT ASSYRIAN CAPITAL, CALAH—SHOWING WORKMEN EXCAVATING THE 83-FT. DEEP, BRICK-LINED WELL.

relief, showing a lioness seizing by the throat and killing an Ethiopian who seems to be welcoming death in a spirit of sacrifice and ecstasy; and this scene is set in a field of waving lotus flowers, the whole being in ivory, warmed in tone to a pale walnut, and intricately embellished with gold, lapis lazuli and carnelian. One of these two pieces, the better-preserved (indeed, virtually perfect) remains in the Baghdad Museum;



PART OF THE GREAT FRIEZE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL'S PALACE, BRIEFLY SEEN BY LAYARD 100 YEARS AGO: ONE OF THE MONSTERS SUPPORTING THE GATEWAY, HOLDING IN ONE HAND THE PLANT OF LIFE AND IN THE OTHER A YOUNG KID OR GAZELLE.



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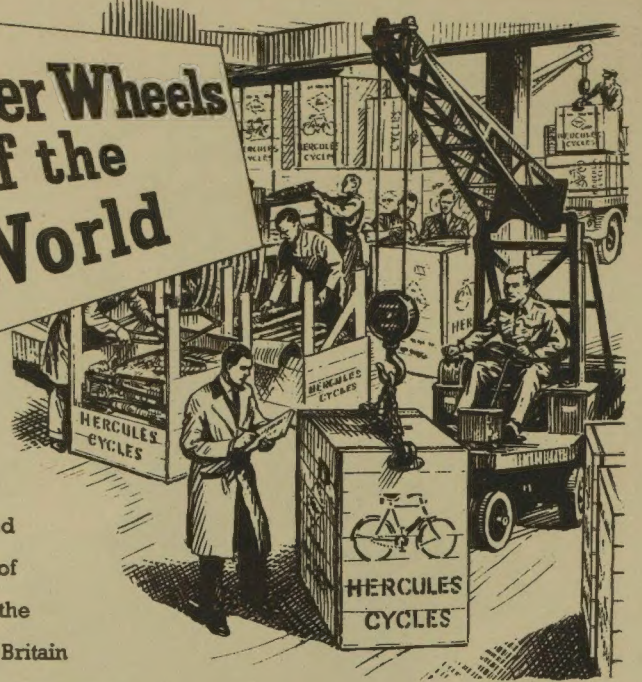
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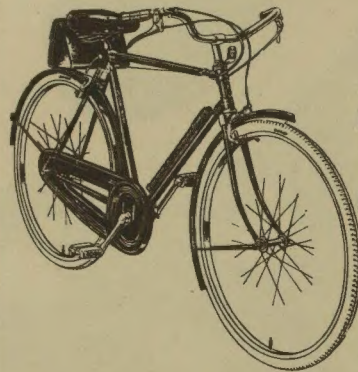
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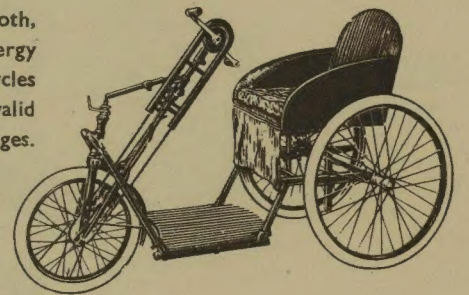
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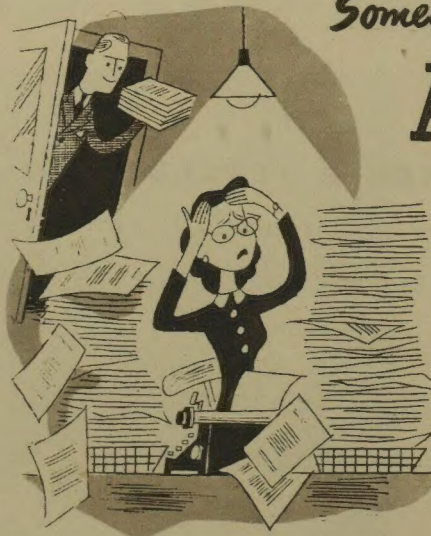
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